

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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DEACON & PETERSON, Publishers,
No. 319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

AS I PASSED UP THE STAIRS.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY MRS. MARY A. DENISON.

I heard a soft voice singing low
Some rare old melody,
As I passed up the stairs one day,
But the song was not for me;
How clear and wild the notes rang out!
They soothed me unawares;
I longed to know the girl who sang
As I passed up the stairs.

Another time I shyly looked
When near the open door,
And wondered was the maiden there
The same who sang before;
She smiled and blushed at sight of me—
No sentiment or airs—
My heart leaped faster than its wont
As I passed up the stairs.

And strange to say it came to be
A most familiar thing,
To glance that way, perchance to hear
My charmer speak or sing.
It led me back to happier scenes,
It soothed my heaviest cares,
It made me long for wife and home,
As I passed up the stairs.

I could have sworn the light of heaven
Shone in her sweet blue eyes;
I longed to prove my love by some
Bold act of chivalry.
I wrote her name on ledger-page,
I breathed it in my prayers;
And once I called it audibly,
As I passed up the stairs.

She came—and there I stood as shy
As any boy might be;
Perhaps she understood—I knew
My eyes plead eloquently;
I stammered something, so did she—
It was a wife—who cares?
And now I seldom go alone
When passing up the stairs.

VERNER'S PRIDE.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,
AUTHOR OF "THE CHANNINGS," "EAST LYNN," "THE EARL'S HEIRS,"
"A LIFE'S SECRET," ETC.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1862, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XVII.

HOME TRUTHS FOR LIONEL.

Lionel Verner grew better. His naturally good constitution triumphed over the disease, and his sick soreness of mind lost somewhat of its sharpness. So long as he brooded in silence over his pain and his wrongs, there was little chance of the sting becoming much lighter; it was like the vulture preying upon its own vitals; but that season of silence was past. When once a deep grief can be spoken of, its great agony is gone. I think there is an old saying, or a proverb—"Grief loses itself in telling," and a greater truth

was never uttered. The ice once broken, touching his feelings with regard to Sibylla, Lionel found comfort in making it his theme of conversation, of complaint, although his hearer and confidant was only Lucy Tempest. A strange comfort, but yet a natural one; as those who have suffered as Lionel did may be able to testify. At the time of the blow, when Sibylla deserted him with coolness so great, Lionel could have died, rather than give utterance to a syllable betraying his own pain; but several months had elapsed since, and the turning-point was come. He did not, unfortunately, love Sibylla one shade less; love, such as his, cannot be overcome so lightly; but the keenness of the disappointment, the blow to his self-esteem—to his vanity, it may be said—was growing less intense. In a case like this of faithlessness, let it happen to man or to woman, the wounding of the self-esteem is not the least evil that must be borne. Lucy Tempest was, in Lionel's estimation, little more than a child, yet it was singular how he grew to love to talk with her. Not for love of her—do not fancy that—but for the opportunity it gave him of talking of Sibylla. You may deem this an anomaly; I know that it was natural; and, like oil poured upon a wound, so did it bring balm to Lionel's troubled spirit.

He never spoke of her save at the dusk hour, during the broad, garish light of day, his lips were sealed. In the soft twilight of the evening, if it happened that Lucy was alone with him, then he would pour out his heart, would tell of his past tribulation. As past he spoke of it; had he not regarded it as past, he never would have spoken. Lucy listened, mostly in silence, returning him her earnest sympathy. Had Lucy Tempest been a little older in ideas, or had she been by nature and rearing less entirely single-minded, she might not have sat untroubled with him, going into the room at any moment, and stopping there, like she would had he been her brother. Lucy was getting to covet the companionship of Lionel very much—too much, taking all things into consideration. It never occurred to her that, for that very reason, she might do well to keep away from it. She was not sufficiently experienced to define her own sensations; and she did not surmise there was anything inexpedient or not perfectly orthodox in her being so much with Lionel. She liked to be with him, and she freely indulged the liking upon any occasion that occurred.

"Oh, Lucy, I loved her! I did love her!" he would say, having repeated the same words perhaps fifty times before in other interviews; and he would lean back in his easy chair, and cover his eyes with his hand, as if willing to shut out all sight save that of the past. "Heaven knows what she was to me! Heaven only knows what her faithlessness has cost!"

"Did you dream of her last night, Lionel?" answered Lucy, from her low seat where she generally sat, near to Lionel, but with her face mostly turned from him. And it may as well be mentioned that Miss Lucy never thought of such a thing as discouraging Lionel's love and remembrance of Sibylla. Her whole business in the matter

seemed to be to listen to him and help him to remember her.

"Ay," said Lionel, in answer to the question. "Do you suppose I should dream of anything else?"

Whatever Lucy may or may not have supposed, it was a positive fact, known well to Lionel—known to him and remembered by him to this hour—that he constantly dreamt of Sibylla. Night after night, since the unhappy time when he learnt that she had left him for Frederick Massingbird, had she formed the prominent subject of his dreams. It is the strict truth: and it will prove to you how powerful a hold she must have possessed over his imagination. This he had not failed to make an item in his revelations to Lucy.

"What was your dream last night, Lionel?"

"It was only a confused one; or seemed to be when I awoke. It was full of trouble. Sibylla appeared to have done something wrong, and I was defending her, and she was angry with me for it. Unusually confused it was. Generally my dreams are too clear and vivid."

"I wonder how long you will dream of her, Lionel? For a year, do you think?"

"I hope not," heartily responded Lionel. "Lucy, I wish I could forget her!"

"I wish you could—if you do wish to do it," simply replied Lucy.

"Wish! I wish I could have swallowed a draught of old Lethe's stream last February, and never recalled her again!" He spoke vehemently; and yet there was a little undercurrent, of suppressed consciousness down deep in his heart, whispering that his great sorrow was to remember her, and to talk of her as he was doing now. To talk of her as he would to his own soul; and that he had now learnt to do with Lucy Tempest. Not to any one else in the whole world could Lionel have breathed the name of Sibylla.

"Do you suppose she will soon be coming home?" asked Lucy, after a silence.

"Of course she will. The news of his inheritance went out shortly after they started, and must have got to Melbourne nearly as soon as they did. There's little doubt they are on their road home now. Massingbird would not care to stop to look after what was left by John, when he knows himself to be the owner of Verner's Pride."

"I wish Verner's Pride had not been left to Frederick Massingbird!" exclaimed Lucy. "Frankly speaking, so do I," confessed Lionel. "It ought to be mine by all good right. And, putting myself entirely out of consideration, I judge Frederick Massingbird unworthy to be its master. That's between ourselves, mind, Lucy."

"It is all between ourselves," returned Lucy.

"Ay. What should I have done without you, my dear little friend?"

"I am glad you have not had to do without me," simply answered Lucy. "I hope you will let me be your friend always!"

"That I will. Now Sibylla's gone, there's nobody in the whole world I care for, but you."

He spoke it without any double meaning; he might have used the same words, been actuated by precisely the same feelings, to his

mother or his sister. His all-absorbing love for Sibylla barred even the idea of any other love to his mind, yet awhile.

"Lionel!" cried Lucy, turning her face full upon him in her earnestness. "How could she choose Frederick Massingbird, when you had chosen her?"

"Tastes differ," said Lionel, speaking lightly, a thing he rarely did when with Lucy. "There's no accounting for them. Some time or other, Lucy, you may be marrying an ugly fellow with a wooden leg and red beard; and people will say, 'How could Lucy Tempest have chosen him?'"

Lucy colored.

"I do not like you to speak in that joking way, if you please," she gravely said.

"Heigh ho, Lucy!" sighed he. "Sometimes I fancy a joke may cheat me out of a minute's care. I wish I was well, and away from this place. In London I shall have my hands full, and can rub off the rust of old grievances with hard work."

"You will not like London better than Deerham?"

"I shall like it ten thousand times better," impulsively answered Lionel. "I have no longer a place in Deerham, Lucy. That is gone."

"You allude to Verner's Pride?"

"Everything's gone that I valued in Deerham," cried Lionel, with the same impulse. "Verner's Pride among the rest. I would never stop here to see the rule of Fred Massingbird. Better that John had lived to take it, than that it had come to him."

"Was John better than his brother?"

"He would have made a better master. He was, I believe, a better man. Not but that John had his faults. As we all have."

"All!" echoed Lucy. "What are your faults?"

Lionel could not help laughing. She asked the question, as she did all her questions, in the most genuine, earnest manner, really seeking the information.

"I think for some time back, Lucy, my chief fault has been grumbling. I am sure you must find it so. Better days may be in store for us both."

"I rose. It must be time for me to go and make Lady Verner's tea. Decima will not be home for it."

"Where is Decima this evening?"

"She is gone her round to the cottages. She does not find time for it in the day, since you were ill. Is there anything I can do for you before I go down?"

"Yes," he answered, taking her hand. "You can let me thank you for your patience and kindness. You have borne with me bravely, Lucy. God bless you, my dear child."

She neither went away, nor drew her hand away. She stood there—as she had phrased it—patiently, until he should release it. He soon did so, with a weary movement; all he did was weary to him then, save the thinking and talking of the theme which ought to have been a barred one—Sibylla.

"Will you please to come down to tea this evening?" asked Lucy.

"I don't care for tea; I'd rather be alone."

"Then I will bring you some up."

"No, no; you shall not be at the trouble. I'll come down, then, presently."

Lucy Tempest disappeared. Lionel leaned against the window, looking out on the night landscape, and lost himself in thoughts of his faithless love. He aroused himself from them with a stamp of impatience.

"I must shake it off," he cried to himself; "I will shake it off. None save myself or a fool, but would have done it months ago. And yet, Heaven alone knows how I have tried and battled, and how vain the battle has been."

The cottages down Clay Lane were ill drained. It might be nearer the truth to say, they were not drained at all. As is the case with many another fine estate beside Verner's Pride, while the agricultural land was well drained, no expense spared upon it, the poor dwellings had been neglected. Not only in the matter of draining, but in other respects, were these habitations deficient; but that strong terms are apt to grate unpleasantly upon the ear, one might say shamefully deficient. The consequence was, that no autumn ever went over, scarcely any spring, but somebody would be down with ague, with low fever; and it was reckoned a fortunate season if a good many were not down.

The first time that Lionel took a walk down Clay Lane, after his illness, was a fine day in October. He had been out before in other directions, but not down Clay Lane. He had not yet recovered his full strength, he looked ill and emaciated. Had he been strong as he used to be, he would not have found himself nearly losing his equilibrium, at being run violently against by a woman, who turned swiftly out of her own door.

"Take care, Mrs. Grind! Is your house on fire?"

"It's begging a thousand pardons, sir. I hadn't no idea you was there," returned Mrs. Grind, in lamentable confusion, when she saw whom she had all but knocked down. "Grind, he catches sight of one of the brick men going by, and he tells me to run and fetch him in; but I had got my hands in the soap suds, and couldn't take 'em convenient out of it at the minute, and I was hasting lest he'd gone too far to be caught up. He have now."

"Is Grind better?"

"He ain't no worse, sir. There he is," she added, flinging the door open.

On the side of the kitchen opposite to the door was a pallet bed stretched against the wall, and on it lay the woman's husband, Grind, dressed. It was a small room, and it appeared literally full of children, of encumbrances of all sorts. A string extended from one side of the fire place to the other, and on this hung some wet colored pinafores, the steam ascending from them in clouds, drawn out by the heat of the fire. The children were in various stages of undress, those colored pinafores doubtlessly constituting their sole outer garment. But that Grind's eye had caught his, Lionel might have hesitated to enter so uncomfortable a place. His natural kindness of heart—nay, his innate regard for the feelings of others, let them be ever so low in station—prevented his turning back when the man had seen him.

"Grind, don't move, don't get off the bed,"

Lionel said hastily. But Grind was already up. The ague fit was upon him then, and he shook the bed as he sat down upon it. His face wore that blue, pallid appearance, which you may have seen in agueish patients.

"You don't seem much better, Grind."

"Thank ye, sir, I be baddish just now again, but I ain't worse on the whole," was the man's reply. A civil, quiet, hardworking man as any on the estate; nothing against him but his large flock of children, and his difficulty of getting along any way. The mouths to feed were many—ravenous young mouths, too, and the wife, though civil and well-meaning, was not the most thrifty in the world. She liked gossiping better than thrift; but gossip was the most prevalent complaint of Clay Lane, so far as its female population were concerned.

"How long is it that you have been ill?" asked Lionel, leaning his elbow on the mantel-piece, and looking down on Grind, Mrs. Grind having whisked away the pinafores.

"It's going along of four weeks, sir, now. It's a illness, sir, I takes it, as must have its course."

"All illnesses must have that, as I believe," said Lionel. "Mine has taken its own time pretty well, has it not?"

Grind shook his head.

"You don't look none the better for your bout, sir. And it's a long time you must have been a getting strong. Mr. Jan, he said, just a month ago, when he first come to see me, as you was well, so to say, then. Ah! it's only them, as have tried it, knows what the pulling through up to strength again is, when the illness itself seems gone."

Lionel's conscience was rather suggestive at that moment. He might have been stronger than he was, by this time, had he "pulled through" with a better will, and given way less. "I am sorry not to see you better, Grind," he kindly said.

"You see me at the worst, sir, to-day," said the man, in a tone of apology, as if seeking to excuse his own sickness. "I be getting better, and that's a thing to be thankful for. I only gets the fever once in three days now. Yesterday, sir, I got down to the field, and earned what'll come to eighteenpence. I did indeed, sir, though you'd not think it, looking at me to-day."

"I should not," said Lionel. "Do you mean to say you went to work in your present state?"

"I didn't seem a bit ill yesterday, sir, except for the weakness. The fever it keeps me down all one day, as may be to-day; then the morrow I be quite prostrate with the weakness it leaves; and the third day I be, so to speak, well. But I can't do a full day's work, sir; no, nor hardly half of a one, and by evening I be so done over I can scarce crawl to my place here. It ain't much, sir, part of a day's work in three, but I be thankful for that improvement. A week ago, I couldn't do as much as that."

More suggestive thoughts for Lionel.

"He'd a get better quicker, sir, if he could do his work regular," put in the woman. "What's one day's work out of three—even if 'twas a full day's—to find us all victuals? In course he can't fare better nor we; and Peckaby's, they don't give much trust to us. He gets a pot o' gruel, or a saucer o' porridge, or a hunch o' bread with a mite o' cheese."

Lionel looked at the man.

"You cannot eat plain bread now, can you, Grind?"

"All this day, sir, I shan't eat nothing. I couldn't swallow it," he answered. "After the fever and the shaking's gone, then I could eat, but not bread; it seems too dry for the throat, and it sticks in it. I get a dish o' tea, or something in that way. The next day—my well day, as I calls it—I can eat all afore me."

"You ought to have more strengthening food."

"It's not for us to say, sir, as we ought to have this here food, or that there food, unless we earns it," replied Grind, in a meek spirit of contented resignation that many a rich man might have taken a pattern from. "Mr. Jan, he says, 'Grind,' says he, 'you should have some meat to it, and some good beef-tee, and a drop o' wine wouldn't do you no harm,' says he. And it makes me smile, sir, to think where the like o' poor folks is to get such things. Lucky to be able to get a bit o' bread and a drain o' tea without sugar. Them as is off their work, just to rub on and keep themselves out o' the workhouse. I know I'm thankful to do it. Jim, he have got a place, sir."

"Jim, which is Jim?" asked Lionel, turning his eyes on the group of children, supposing one must be meant.

"He ain't here, sir," cried the woman. "It's the one with the black hair, and he was six year old yesterday. 'He's gone to Farmer Johnson's to take care o' the pigs in the field. He's to get a shilling a week."

Lionel moved from his position. "Grind,"

he said, "don't you think it would be better

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

LES MISÉRABLES. COMETTES. MARIE. By Victor Hugo. Translated from the original French by Charles E. Wilbur. Carletons, Publisher, New York. For sale by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia.

Victor Hugo's new work is passing rapidly through its publication. The second and third parts named above have appeared in quick succession. It is hardly possible to accomplish anything like a suitable review of a work which passes over so much ground as does this, which we can well believe to have been twenty years in passing through its author's hands. Politics, national and world-wide; social reform, attempted or needed; religious tenets; the monastic system; crime, its prevention and punishment;—these are only part of the subjects touched upon or elaborately discussed in the course of these two volumes. As for the story itself, it rolls through the various realms of thought like a stream of burning lava. Those who object to the simplicity of the plot of "Fantine" cannot find the same fault with "Cosette" and "Marius." From a simple parable of reform and regeneration, the history of Jean Valjean becomes dramatic, nay, melodramatic. The change from the Mayor's seat to the convict's bench at the galley, escape, pursuit, the efforts of the pursued to baffle the pursuer, ever following his track with the pertinacity of a blood-hound, half-breath "scapes, deeds of generosity and devotion;—such is the theme of the story which bears us on absorbed and fevered with its vividness and power. In these respects we hardly know anything to equal Book Eighth of "Marius"—the adventures of Jean Valjean in the den of the lowest and most pitiable of "Los Misérables," whether he has come on an errand of charity and beneficence.

The first book of "Cosette" is occupied with a description of the battle of Waterloo; such a description we believe as has never hitherto been written. It has hardly a thread of connection with the story, but is worthy a place of its own. The battle-ground, the plan of attack, the character of the opposing forces are described with clear detail. The commanders are pictured to us; "not enemies, but opposites. In Wellington, precision, foresight, geometry, prudence, retreat assured, reserves economized, obstinate composure, imperturbable method, strategy to profit by the ground, war directed watch in hand, nothing left voluntarily to chance, ancient classic courage, absolute correctness. In Napoleon, intuition, inspiration, a military marvel, a superhuman instinct; a flashing glance, a mysterious something which gazes like the eagle and strikes like the thunder-bolt, all the mysteries of a deep soul, intimacy with destiny. The battle thickens, the English forces waver and fall back, then thunders forward that terrible charge of the French cuirassiers, which hurled itself on the immovable iron squares of the English infantry, pierced with bayonets, swept with storms of grape-shot, charging again and again with razors, with superhuman but ineffectual bravery, till annihilated to the last man. The picture is terrible, lurid, vivid. To conclude it:

"Was it possible that Napoleon should win this battle? We answer no. Why? Because of Wellington? Because of Blücher? No. Because of God.

"For Bonaparte to be conqueror at Waterloo was not in the law of the nineteenth century. Another series of facts was preparing in which Napoleon had no place. The ill-will of events had long been announced. It was time that this vast man should fall. The excessive weight of this man in the moral destiny of the world, the moral order of the universe, of himself alone, more than the universe beside. These plethoras of all human vitality concentrated in a single head, the world mounting to the brain of one man, would be fatal to civilization if they should endure. The moment had come for incorruptible supreme equity to look to it. Probably the principles and elements, upon which regular gravitations in the moral order as well as in the material depend, began to murmur. Reckless blood, overwrought emotions, weeping mothers—these are formidable pleaders. When the earth is suffering from a surcharge, there are mysterious moorings from the depths which the Heavens hear.

"Napoleon had been impeached before the Infinite, and he fell as decreed. "Waterloo is not a battle; it is the change of front of the universe."

A summing up of the whole drama. We could wish that Victor Hugo had left the subject there, not seeking to explain and expand it further.

The episode which describes the convent of the Bernardines, the Perpetual Adoration, and the succeeding consideration of the whole monastic system, is the most finished, the most carefully wrought, and in some respects the most interesting portion of this work. Like the subject of Waterloo, it is summed up and, as it were, capped by an epigram.

"When we speak of convents, those seats of error, but of goodness, of mistaken views, but of good intentions, of ignorance, but of devotion, of torment, but of martyrdom, we must nearly always have 'yes' and 'no' upon our lips.

"A convent is a contradiction—its object salvation, its means self-sacrifice. The convent is supreme egotism, resulting in supreme self-denial.

"In the cloister they suffer that they may enjoy—they draw a bill of exchange on death—they discount the celestial splendor in terrestrial night. In the cloister an earthly hell is accepted as the charge made in advance on the future inheritance of heaven.

"The assumption of the veil or the frock is a suicide reimbursed by an eternity."

In "Marius" equally carefully drawn pictures are given of the remnants of the old regime, which, as late as 1820, still congregated in Paris, and of the band of those considering themselves social and political regenerators, still living, talking and working there. These subjects are, to any but French readers, less interesting, and are felt as a hindrance to the narrative, then in its full flow. The story breaks off abruptly at the conclusion of part third, and leaves us with interesting more stimulated than before to await the two concluding volumes.

Either attempt not, or accomplish.

AMERICAN PATIENCE.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Who says that Americans are impatient people? Who fixed upon us this character, as contrasted with the slow-going, much-enduring population of the Old World? I stand to maintain the contrary. Not to seek for the great examples of our patience and long suffering—not to count up the instances accruing in the Northern States during the political phases of the last twenty years—not even to dwell upon the nation's silent waiting through the long weary months, when the "grand Army of the Potomac" lay before the threatening batteries of Manassas, and "all quiet on the Potomac" formed our morning, noon and evening fare—small examples in plenty meet us every day; from the galleries of the legislative halls at Washington, where voluntary martyrs sit hour after hour, submitting patiently, if not cheerfully, to be bored, to an extent never practiced among any other people of ordinary humanity—from our street cars, our "buses," and our lamp-post corners, where, to one or more hearers, a speaker expounds his platitudes on the subject of our national troubles, repeating over and over the bald sayings already a thousand times stuffed in those patient ears, till wonder grows upon us that no frenzied sufferer is found to rise and revolt against the infliction.

I am not patient. I lay no claim to the meek virtue. When my next neighbor remarks that war matters are not going on so well as we could wish, and proceeds, with logical utterance and an evident conviction that he is stating an interesting and quite original opinion, to prove that General Hunter's measures are imprudent and premature, or that General McClellan's movements are not sufficiently vigorous and prompt, or some other such novel view, I rise, I gird up my vest, I rise from before his face as from that of a roaring lion.

But last night I had an experience. The evening had been cool. I had left the outdoor twilight for the gas-light within. I had glanced over a political newspaper, run my way along our lines from the James river, whence reported depicted the "Grand Army" on its backward course—to the Mississippi, where General Butler is being bothered with his contraband wood-choppers. Having accomplished this necessary but unpleasant duty, I had refreshed myself with a slice of melon, and consigned myself to bed and to slumber. I was awakened from my first sleep by a peculiar sensation; a rasping, grating sense of suffering, which became stranger every moment, till the full sense of my situation burst upon me; I was being bored.

A lamp-post under my chamber window was, as usual, upheld by a group of those pillars of the state who commonly cluster themselves in such places, and from among them sounded a dreadful voice, sonorous, argumentative, slow, pausing between each sentence with the weight of oratorical talent. "I can fully explain to you the nature of the draft," the voice was saying when I became fully conscious; "for, though not a native of this state (this state being what orators call the little but patriotic state of Delaware), I am a native of Pennsylvania, and understand these things; yes, I am a Pennsylvanian; a native of Pennsylvania; I was born there; my wife, she was born there; like me, she is a native of Pennsylvania." A groan escaped me here, as I thought of the possible propagation of the species of this terrible creature. But the tide flowed on.

"Now, the percentage of men to be drafted in my native state, Pennsylvania, is one in five. Here it may be more; it may be less; probably more,"—a confirmatory murmur from the group by the lamp-post. "More; you think more; very well; one in three and a half; very well. I am a native of Pennsylvania, and—" With an ejaculation of despair I turned over, stuffing the corner of the bolster into my upper ear. Vain attempt! short relief! The conclusion of the lecture on drafting pierced my way through feathers and linen. "If—the quota is not then filled, the draft is again put in operation; but this time—you follow me now?—this time—supposing you have been drafted the first time—this time—you understand?—your names are not subject to be called upon—yes, sir; at the second counting you are omitted."

A short pause; yet not one of those sufferers took advantage of the moment's respite to "skedaddle." Could heroism and patience go farther than this?

"Now, as to this whole war," resumed this pitiless fiend in human shape, "I will give you my views upon the subject; what I felt, from the moment, that the first gun at Sumpter—"

An anguished plunge beneath the counterpane here gave me a temporary relief, but what could I do? like a while I had to emerge again to blow. Again it sounded.

"Now, as to whether the South had cause to complain of the North; or, whether the North ought to think hard of the South; that for the present, I leave. But as to the maintenance of the Union—" At this point the limit of human endurance among the lamp-posters was reached, and one of them distinctly announced that he "had to go home."

Whereupon a murmur of similar declarations immediately followed. "Must go!" cried the disappointed orator. "So soon? Well, I'll walk down street with you." So the voice soon died away in the distance, leaving me to reflect upon and marvel at this remarkable and unparalleled instance of that in which I have long put faith—our American patience.

"Joseph! Joseph!" bawled a group of idle Parisians before a hack stand. "Here! here! here!" shouted twenty voices running up to catch the "fare." "Are you Joseph?" "Yes, sir, 'tis me!"—"Is me!" "Did your brother sell you into Egypt?" "Oh, no, sir." "Then you ain't the Joseph we want."

"Joseph! Joseph!" bawled a group of idle Parisians before a hack stand. "Here! here! here!" shouted twenty voices running up to catch the "fare." "Are you Joseph?" "Yes, sir, 'tis me!"—"Is me!" "Did your brother sell you into Egypt?" "Oh, no, sir." "Then you ain't the Joseph we want."

THE WAR.

BURNSIDE'S RETREAT ACROSS THE RAPPAHANNOCK—McCLELLAN'S ARMY AT ALEXANDRIA.

ANDRIA.

The Philadelphia Press of the 23d says:—

We have highly important news from Gen. Pope's army of Virginia, but refrain from publishing anything that may be detrimental to the Government. From private letters received in this city, which have been brought to us with the request that their contents be published for the benefit of the people, we glean the following items which are endorsed by our special correspondence to some extent, but as we deem it improper to publish details at present, we have decided it expedient to suppress our news letters, in accordance with the wishes of the War Department and General Halleck, McClellan, and Pope, hoping that, in a few days, we may be able to officially relieve the public mind with both official and unofficial reports of events recently transpiring in Virginia. Gen. Pope has probably fallen back across the Rappahannock river, and makes that stream his line of defence. The enemy is said to be on the south bank of the river in great force, and he has made numerous strong, but ineffectual, attempts to cross, and, if possible, turn our right flank, at the same time making a demonstration upon our center, with a view of breaking through it. Such a disposition of our troops has been made that no fears are entertained that any further retreat will be necessary; on the other hand, we have the announcement by telegraph, that a large portion of the army of the Potomac has arrived at Alexandria, to reinforce the army of Virginia. Gen. McClellan has arrived with them, and it is believed has assumed command of the entire army of the Potomac. Fighting of a desultory and indecisive sort has been going on for several days past, and the enemy has, no doubt, been repulsed at all points by our batteries, but not without some loss of artillery-men and horses. Among the distinguished dead we regret to record the name of the gallant Col. Coulter, of the 11th Pennsylvania Volunteers, who fell nobly fighting at the head of his brave and war-worn regiment. All honor to his memory, and to the memory of the heroes that have fallen with him. God grant they may be few. During Thursday last, heavy firing was heard on the extreme left of our line; and this led to the belief that Burnside's corps, under command of Major-Gen. Jesse L. Reno, of Pennsylvania, was giving the enemy a Rosencrack Island demonstration, on a grander scale in an open field, and that the rebels in this plan to turn our left flank would be handsomely repulsed, and our private advices above alluded to indicate as much. Gen. Pope is praised for great skill and activity exhibited by him in throwing forward reinforcements to all weak points, and it is said he had no rest for 72 hours. We are most happy to say that all of our officers indicate a success of our arms at all points. Our troops are enthusiastic and in the very best of spirits; always eager to meet the enemy, who ever we present himself. It is evident that Richmond has been left almost bare of troops, and that the whole rebel army has been launched against the Army of Virginia, but before many hours we hope to record a brilliant and decisive Union victory in the grand battle which is now imminent, and it is thought will be fought on Sunday next. We see nothing in all this to discourage us in the least. It is but the consummation of the plans of our Commander in Chief. The failure of the campaign on the Peninsula rendered it necessary for the Army of Virginia to be reorganized, and pushed forward towards Richmond, to attract the attention of the rebels, while the Army of the Potomac—a dead letter at Harrison's Landing—should be brought away and put into a position where it could operate against the enemy effectively. In bringing it to Alexandria this end has been attained. In a few days the old Army of the Potomac, comprising eight corps of choice, all strengthened by convalescent soldiers and new recruits and the whole army reinforced by scores of new regiments, led on by McClellan, Pope, Burnside, Banks, Hooker, Kearney and Reno, will advance to overwhelm and rout an insolent foe, who, in the dead hope of insulating our commander-in-chief in his headquarters at Washington, had planned to find that he has advanced too far from his base of supplies and line of defence at Richmond. In conclusion, we would stir up our people to place the most implicit confidence in our Government and our leaders, crush treason at home, and encourage enlistments. Let us rush to the rescue and partake of the glory now.

The Situation in Virginia.

[From the New York World.]

WASHINGTON, August 30.—At this day and

hour a well-grounded anxiety exists in the

scenes, concerning the possibilities of the

work to come. In the course of the letter,

published in your columns, shall have been

read in Dixie, the impending dangers have

not injured us, they can never return again.

So it is safe to tell their nature.

Taking the advantage of McClellan's move-

ment, of the roundabout route by which he

is going to support Pope, of their own inner

and direct lines of transit, the rebels are

rapidly throwing their whole strength against

the army of Virginia. They are apparently

making a giant effort to conquer our delin-

quent force, and thereby capture Washing-

ton, before the bulk of McClellan's army can

avail for the rescue. I have only to tell you

that your surmises are already sustained by

the latest military news. Generals Lee and

Jackson have been shrewd enough to see

their advantage, and are, to all appearances,

profiting by it. In the event of a successful

last night, then, and to-day, we have a lit-

tle panic on hand, and a much more sensible

one than the last. Gen. Pope has found the

enemy's numbers suddenly augmented to one

hundred thousand men, or upward. More-

over, they are moving from Gordonsville in

force toward Fredericksburg, perhaps intend-

ing to push through the weak places of our

line. This has forced Pope either to give

battle on the spot or to at once draw back

to the Potomac. The former alternative is only

last extremity of evil, consequently he is

falling rapidly back; has, I am informed,

evacuated the Culpeper region, bag and

baggage; has drawn in his lines at least

fifty miles, edging a little toward Aquia

creek, in order to be within easier commu-

nication of such portions of McClellan's

army as have there landed.

On for a major campaign large enough to hold

fifty thousand men, and then in an

easy wink from Yorktown to the north fork

of the Rappahannock? As it is, the country

knows that a certain portion of McClellan's

army has reached the important point, and

of course the remainder is hurrying forward

through such magnificent means of water

transportation as the world never before has

seen collected.

But the enemy is not only pushing one

column toward Fredericksburg. Another

body, how large I don't pretend to know,

presently stands against us on the old G-

ordonsville route. We have got our hands full

for the next week. They can safely say

every day cost from Richmond. Who knows

that 25,000 other men are not at this moment

marching down the Shenandoah valley? If

that were the case, we should be in trouble.

A misconception has always obtained at the

North relative to the method of entering the valley. No one has ever imagined that a rebel force could get in there, save by the conventional Shenandoah route, via the Virginia Central Railroad, Staunton, &c. Bear in mind for a moment that another railroad, parallel with the one just named, runs from Richmond west to Lynchburg, &c., on a line south of the James river. We know that, sometime since, the enemy threw a portion of his Richmond army south of the river—to attack Norfolk it was said. Suppose that force to have moved along the Southside Railroad, to have entered the valley at Salem, thence secretly to have marched down to Staunton, and now ready to co-operate in the joint movement by a dash for Harper's Ferry and upper Maryland. If the enemy in Virginia had been as numerous as we have claimed, he would naturally have availed himself of this advantage. Fortunately, we have no news to confirm such fears.

Meanwhile the rebels, always cognizant of any separation of our forces, and swift to use their knowledge, seem to have permitted McClellan to move quietly off, in order to attack Pope's segregated column in force. They have made two grand mistakes, which we believe will prove fatal to their scheme. First, they do not know how long ago McClellan's evacuation commenced, and hence have not calculated on finding any of his army in their new path. Second, they have underrated our means of transportation—have made a great blunder in supposing that one-fourth the time will be needed for bringing the army of the Potomac up the river which was consumed in originally moving it down.

So that I cannot deem Washington in any danger. There is every probability that within five days the bloodiest, most hotly contested battle of the war will be fought near the north fork of the Rappahannock. Not if General Halleck can avoid it. But the enemy, if determined to attack our advantageous positions, can unquestionably bring on the fight. He will as unquestionably be repulsed, until, by new arrivals, we are so strengthened as to use him up. His forced marches, indeed—involving the carrying of cooked rations, the hauling of artillery by half-starved horses, &c.—will have rendered it necessary for him to succeed in the first attack, or not at all. As *rehearsé*, we are all holding our breaths. I say nothing of the new levies arriving. Such talk is absurd. But a common man who does not know how to load a musket can be of little immediate use. General Halleck has the confidence of everybody. The last month's operations, have shown a masterhand at the helm. We are to-day going through the swiftest, most dangerous portion of the "rapids." A week more, and the future is secure: the old ship will cleave the open sea.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN TO HORACE GREENEY.

An answer to a recent letter from Mr. Greeley to the N. Y. Tribune, complaining of the President's non-enforcement of the Confiscation Act, and advocating a proclamation of Emancipation as a military measure, the President has replied as follows:—

EXECUTIVE MANSION, AUGUST 23, 1862.

Hon. Horace Greeley:—

I have just read your letter of the 19th, addressed to myself, through the New York Tribune.

If there be in it any statements or assumptions of fact which I may know to be erroneous, I do not now and here controvert them. If there be in it any inferences which I may believe to be falsely drawn, I do not now and here argue against them. If there be perceptible in it an impatient and dictatorial tone, I waive it in deference to an old friend whose letter I have always supposed to be right.

As to the policy I "seem to be pursuing," as you say, I have no intent to leave any one in doubt. I would save the Union. I would save the shortest way under the Constitution. The sooner the National authority can be restored the nearer the Union will be "the Union as it was."

If there be those who would not save the Union, unless they could at the same time save slavery, I do not agree with them. If there be those who would not save the Union unless they could at the same time destroy slavery, I do not agree with them.

My paramount object in this struggle is to save the Union, and it is not either to save or destroy slavery. If I could save the Union without freeing any slave, I would do it, and if I could save it by freeing all the slaves, I would do it; and if I could save it by freeing some and leaving others alone, I would also do it.

What I do about slavery and the colored race I do because I believe it helps to save the Union, and what I forbear, I forbear because I do not believe it would help to save the Union. I shall do less whenever I shall believe what I am doing hurts the cause, and I shall do more whenever I shall believe doing more will help the cause.

I shall try to correct errors when shown to be errors, and I shall accept of new truths as they shall appear to be true views.

I have here stated my purpose according to my view of official duty, and I intend no modification of my expressed personal wish that all men everywhere could be free.

Yours,

(Signed) A. LINCOLN.

NAVAL EXPEDITION IN PROSPECT.

The Secretary of the Navy will probably soon be called upon to co-operate with our armies in the final and decisive blows at the rebellion. The preparations making by the Department point to this. A naval force is being created which will be competent not only to the capture of every important stronghold by the rebels, but to the protection of every river in the rebel States. By the beginning of October ten or twelve iron-clad vessels will be afloat, and a large number of swift, light draught gunboats are under way. Gen. Halleck doubts looks first to the capture of Richmond. That first, the Mississippi river, the life of McClellan's army, and the Chesapeake will be looked after. Then the Chesapeake will be again brought prominently into action, and the rebels and the world will see that that arm of the Government is more than ever vigorous and effective.

A very happy comment on the annihilation of time and space by locomotive means of travel was made by a little girl who had ridden fifty miles in a railroad train, then took a coach to her mother's house, some five miles further, and was asked on her arrival, if she came by the cars. "We came a little way in the cars, and then all the rest of the way in a carriage."

In view of the facility with which a famous rebel moves himself from field to field, it is suggested that his *admiral* be changed from "Steam" to "Portable" Force Jackson.

Paddy was summoned to court for refusing to pay a doctor's bill. Judge: Why do you refuse to pay? Paddy:—Wah! Wah! should I pay? Sore, did he give me anything, but some caustics, and the other a cure could I keep in my stomach at all, at all?

Distinctions are often arbitrary. Flowers and weeds are commonly spoken of as opposites. Yet every flower is a weed—when it isn't wanted. Ask the farmer. Every weed has its flower, and rightly situated or rightly employed, is an ornamental, useful plant. Ask the botanist.

Whoever sincerely endeavors to do all the good he can, will probably do much more than he imagines or will ever know till the day of judgment, when the secret of all hearts shall be manifest.

A lady, deserted by one man, seems to have no other remedy than an appeal to twelve.

The ladies' man—The man with the moustache.

Rulers wield the people, but school-masters wield rulers.

The suspension bridge over the Niagara River, at Lewiston, is 1,042 feet 10 inches in one span, and 43 feet greater than any other single span in the world, being nearly twice as great as the celebrated bridge over the Menai Straits in England.

What's in a dream? asks a popular writer. That depends on who the dreamer is.

There is a man living somewhere or other so alarmingly bright that he uses the palm of his hand for a looking-glass. It is said that anybody can see through him.

Don't confide your secrets to an inordinate laughter—he might "spit."

"I presume you won't charge anything for just remembering me," said a one-legged sailor to a wooden-leg manufacturer.

"Well, what next?" said Mrs. Partington, as she interrupted the man who was reading the war news. "The pickets were driven in five miles? Bless my poor soul! but that will make a strong fence. I suppose they had to be driven in deep to keep the secessionists from digging out under them?"

Dr. Johnson once said that it argued great presumption in a young clergyman to think he could write an original sermon good enough for his people, when South and Harrow and Thorton had left so many discourses from which he could make a wise selection.

My dear friends, beauties be looked on as forming a portion of the pale of society?

If a young woman's disposition is gunpowder, the sparks should be kept away from her.

A woman may be indifferent to courts, curriers, and courtesy, but not to courtship.

A poor seamstress finds it hard work to thread her way through life's wilderness.

When the devil rebelled, God didn't swear him down, but he gave him bonds—Lavinia Journal.

No; but he gave him a pass beyond the lines to go South.—Nashville Union.

AFFECTIONATE CREATURES.—Three box-constrictors were recently landed at the docks, and one of the sailors of the ship which brought them from Africa, says "they are the most affectionate creatures he ever saw—always ready to embrace anybody."

A physician, speaking of the frail constitution of the women of the present day, remarked that he ought to take care of our grandmothers, for we should never get any more.

Many otherwise civil people neglect answering letters. Now all agree it is very rude not to answer a civil question, and it is not less so to omit answering a letter. Some little indication of the kindness or civility of the writer should be made, out of regard to each other's sense of propriety, for it is rude to omit it.

The young lady who took the gentleman's fancy has returned it with thanks.

All recruits who enlist in the old regiments will be discharged when the regiments are mustered out of service. Some regiments have now less than two years to serve.

One who is half-man, half-dog, will bow to the rich and *bow* to the poor.

Present your wife with everything she wants, and perhaps she will be *quite* for the present.

Please honor me, most charming of ladies, with the gift of that pretty daisy—"Oh, certainly, sir, for you are very lacking in daisy cal."

With many people it is as difficult to live within their means as without it.

It is not wise to be governed by the feelings, for they ebb and flow like the waves of the sea.

The gorgeous trappings of the dead are but the outward dressings of the pride of weeping survivors.

A philosopher, on being asked, from whence he received his first lesson in wisdom, he replied, "From the blind, who never take a step until they have felt the ground before them."

Women, remarked the contemptuous man, "are deep as the blue waters of your bay." "Aye, sir," rejoined the disappointed man, "and as full of eels."

The seat of perfect contentment is not in the heart, but in the head; every individual being thoroughly satisfied with his own property and brains.

The human mind is so fond of striking contrasts that when a man is praised for some extremely high quality, the first thought of many people is to ascertain what are his lowest ones.

Don't undertake to kiss a virtuous woman, risk not a smooch in a storm.

It is difficult to know at what moment one begins, it is easy to know that it has begun.

Richardson—Hemlock, my grand-nephew. First, all means to conclude—Joseph—Falling leaves?—Richardson.—ALL means to discuss.

REPAID, Aug. 23.—It is reported that Wm. L. Yancy has passed through here to Canada, en route to Europe, as the bearer of rebel dispatches.

LATEST NEWS.

FROM THE ARMY OF VIRGINIA.

EXPECTED ATTACK BY THE REBELS.

The Army Under Arms all Night.

MISCELLANEOUS.

IN CAMP, NEAR RAPPANNOCK

RECONCILIATION.

Do you remember how the sun—the setting sun—would sadly fall
In a warm glow of tender light, as now, upon the
garden wall.
Where peach, and plum, and jargonelle shone
luminous in golden hue,
Embossed deep in fairy cells of latticed leaves?
I do—I do!

Do you remember how we turned as the tired
sun sank down to rest,
And watched him fling his gorgeous robes about
the portals of the West,
Till the cloud-pillars rocked and flamed wild
spindles o'er the fields of blue—
And the wide gates of heaven were blocked with
disarray? I do—I do!

Do you remember how we stood in silence—our
hearts voided and dim—
As from the hidden choristers rose many-voiced
their evening hymns;
And all the air was soft with balm, and all the
grass was bathed with dew—
And your sweet eyes were strangely moist, and
so were mine? I do—I do!

Do you remember how we passed with arms so
fondly interlaced—
Your hand by thus within my clasp, and thus
my right was round your waist?
You kissed me then, and said that naught in the
wide world could part us two—
You said so then most earnestly. You recollect?
I do—I do!

Do you remember how the months have fled
away with rapid wing?
The summer past, and autumn waned, and winter
came. 'Tis now the spring—
The blessed spring, so full of hope that olden
time seems to renew
When first we met and promised love—you think
of it? I do—I do!

Do you remember how you wrote a letter stained
with many a tear,
Each word of which shocked through my heart,
and changed its joy to wondering fear—
And how you said that I was false, and trifled
where I should be true—
And you must take your love from me for ever-
more? I do—I do!

You meant it then. I stood misjudged. The
lying lips that came between
Can lie no more. You know their worth. You
read them false. Ah, then, my Queen,
Shall they prevail—those idle tales—oh think of
what we both passed through,
And let the year entomb its grief and shroud its
we? I do—I do!

Let all the past be past indeed. Hark to the
evening waves' glad tone
Upon the beach. Through heaven's heights up
rises slow the round orbed moon.
So let our life be full of light! I touch your lips
as I used to—
You give yourself again, my dear? You said it
thus? I do—I do!

MISS SIMMS;
OR, MY PROPOSAL.

The little girl was too charming to be re-
sisted. In vain I called to my aid all the gra-
vity and soberness that becometh my age. In
vain I held up myself to myself as a person
already within the verge of old fogeydom. In
vain I propounded and solved elaborate
arithmetical problems as to the variable pro-
portions which sixteen would assume to forty
at advanced stages of life. I know that last
sentence is not correctly expressed, but let it
pass. Thus stood the case. Charlotte was
sixteen and I forty, and I, more than double
Lotty's age—almost old enough to be her re-
sponsible papa—I found myself irresistibly
enveloped by that young person, and trotting
captive at her chariot-wheels—or, more prop-
erly, the wheels of her infantine go-cart. I
had nursed Lotty, she had ridden a cock-
horse upon my knee. I had kissed her moist
lips when kissing was a ceremony performed
rather for the sake of politeness to mamma
than for any pleasantness in itself. I had
made Lotty ill with surreptitious sugar-
plums; I had presented her with Christmas-
boxes of the most astonishing toys; I had as-
sisted in the instilling of the alphabet into
her youthful mind by means of highly-colored
pictures, in a painful state of alliteration,
I had begged Lotty out of the corner, where
she stood obstinate, finger in mouth, and with
a general humidity of countenance. I had
thought Lotty a dirty child when I saw her
padding with her little fat hands in a puddle,
or with traces of lollipops about her innocent
mouth. I had execrated Lotty as a nuisance
and a bore when she would poke her pug
nose into my flirtation with Miss Mirablis
(who married afterwards Lord Methuselah).
And at last, it had come to this! We had
changed places. I was the child now, and
Miss Lotty was mistress over me, and she
knew it. She threw me a sugar-plum when
she so pleased; she taught me a letter of
some sweet syllabifying alphabet when she had
nothing better to do; she patronized me, and
began to take an interest in my temper and
morals; she petted me when she lacked
amusement, and when she was otherwise en-
gaged gave me to understand in the plainest
manner that I was a consummate bore, and
an unmitigated nuisance—that I was.

Miss Lotty knew all about it. In vain I
tried to treat her as a child. She laughed in
my face at the transparent absurdity of the
pretence. In vain I affected indifference.
She exacted attention, and would not be
smothered. She flirted with small boys for the
express purpose of vexing me, and knew
that I was vexed, and I knew that she knew it.

In what manner, or at what precise time
she left off being a child, and began to be a
woman I do not know. She passed out of
the nursery by no sensible transition and
took to her Missdom quite naturally. Juliet
of the house of Capulet, brought out by her
provident mother at the age of fourteen, did
not assume her new honors with a more per-
fect poise.

This, then, was the state of the case. I,
who had envied all my youthful heart-
weakness, who prided myself on being safe
henceforth from the subtle fascinations of

the female sex, fell into captivity at the hands
of a little girl just out of the nursery. Hav-
ing struggled in vain, I succumbed, and
began to think seriously whether sixteen and
forty were, after all, such incompatible ages.
It was not quite a case of January and May.
If I had been sixty, and a lord, there would
have been nothing unusual in the notion. If
I had been a widower, and possessed of a
daughter a little older than Lotty, the match
would have been perfectly *en regle*. The dif-
ference was on the right side. It was not as
bad as if I had married my first love, who
was forty when I was sixteen.

Let still the woman take
An elder than herself, so wears she to him,
So ways the level in her husband's heart.

So I ceased to compare myself with the
small boys with whom Lotty flirted, I turned
a blind eye on the budding obesity of my
figure, and began to consider the matter as
an accomplished fact.

Miss Lotty had an aunt—a very respectable
person—of mature age. Miss Simms was the
name of this lady, and Miss Simms and I
had always been great friends. She was a
gushing person, strongly sympathetic, and
given to the study of the minor poets of the
last generation. We had often exchanged
sympathies, had often discoursed together on
the affections after a diluted Platonic manner,
and she was accustomed to apply to me for
explanations of natty-pamby passages of
her favorite poets.

Miss Simms occupied that place in the
family which maiden aunts so often fill. To
make things generally pleasant, to be a gen-
eral go-between, the friend of everybody, the
deliverer of messages, the arranger of the
delicate amenities of social life—such was
Miss Simms's mission.

Her age was certainly verging towards
fifty. She was well-preserved; had expres-
sive eyes, hair scrupulously neat, but very
thin, white, angular hands, a sweet, faint
smile, and a purring sort of voice.

I respected Miss Simms immensely, I had a
great friendship for her. The idea struck me
that I would make her my confidant with re-
gard to Lotty. She was the very person for a
confidant. I could not, for the life of me,
have broken the subject to papa or mamma.
Lotty was a child to them still, and I felt that
it would scarcely have seemed more ridicu-
lous to them for me to confess a tender pas-
sion for the infant in long clothes than to hint
the state of my heart towards Lotty. I had
determined to make some move, and the aunt
appeared to me the very medium through
whom to make it. The familiar friend of
Lotty, whom that little maiden confessed all
her innocent secrets—the companion and
fellow-counselor of Lotty's parents—this
aunt was the confidant I wanted.

But, beyond this, I felt sure that the state
of the case had not altogether escaped the
sympathetic penetration of Miss Simms. That
faint smile of hers, that wistful look in her
fine eyes, a playful shake of the head—these
signs had not been lost upon me. Often,
when my eyes had been following against their
will the graceful, buoyant figure of Lotty,
recalled, they would meet the eyes of Miss
Simms; and as I smiled and half blushed at
being thus caught, Miss Simms would smile
and half blush likewise. Often, when I had
been leaning over Lotty at her book, admiring
the downward contour of the soft cheek,
or the luxuriance of the glossy hair, lifting
my eyes, they would again meet Miss Simms's
eyes, and Miss Simms would turn her head
away with an expression of countenance
which spoke volumes. Once, when I was
shaking Miss Simms's hand on departure,
I could not restrain myself from whis-
pering "Quelle est charmante?" Why I
spoke in French I cannot tell. Miss Simms's
knowledge of that language was imperfect,
while Lotty's exceeded my own—so that it
could not have been an aside from Lotty.
But such French sentences are generally
spoken without there being any satisfactory
reason why they should not be uttered in
English. However, to my exclamation, Miss
Simms had rejoined, "Hush!" with an up-
raised bony finger, and an arch smile.

In breaking the matter to Lotty's aunt,
then, I did not anticipate very much diffi-
culty. She certainly had observed my admi-
ration of her niece; and even had it been
otherwise, the ready sympathy of this kind,
estimable woman would have interpreted my
meaning from a word or look.

I chose my time. I was copying some
music for Lotty. Lotty and her mamma
were going forth on the business of card-
leaving.

As I took them down to the carriage, Lotty
said:

"You will finish my music?" And she
made the prettiest beseeching *smile*, and
lifted up her face, just as when a child she
had lifted it up to be kissed. "We shall soon
be back, and you can stay to dinner. You
must stay to dinner. The evenings are so
dull and stupid, and then you can sing that
duet with me. Now, go back and finish the
music. You and Aunt Sarah can talk poe-
try, you know, till I come back."

"Yes, Miss Lotty, I had that very inten-
tion of talking poetry with Aunt Sarah—the
sweetest poetry in the world—yourself the
theme."

Returned to Miss Simms and the music-
copying. I made a crotchety—"Miss Simms,"
I said—then two semiquavers and a rest, then
three blank bars—

"Miss Simms," I said, "I hope you will
not see anything absurd in what I am about
to—to—to lay before you—" *crecendo*, writ-
ten in neat italics.

"My heart—"

"Dear me," cried Miss Simms.

"My heart, my dear Miss Simms, may be
of a soft and foolish texture—yes, texture."
(I had screwed myself up to the mark, and
chose my language with deliberation.) "It
may be soft, I say, but upon my soul, I do
not think it is. I think no man, the most in-
sensitive, could have seen daily, as I have
seen, this sweet girl" (*con moto spirato*) "and

have resisted her attractions. It does not lie
within the power of human nature to resist
them."

I was silent for a few minutes, and still
continued my copying. I had determined to
discuss the subject in the calmest and most
reasonable manner. I confess the dots were
scarcely circular, and the strokes scarcely
straight, but I completed a most prodigious
series of running notes *ad libitum* before
recommenced. I dared not look at Miss
Simms.

"That there is disparity in age I cannot
deny. Some people would call it a great dis-
parity—"

"Sir!" cried Miss Simms, with some
warmth.

"Yes, my dear madam, I am not surprised
at that tone. But I feel that I must bring
this into prominence, and consider it judi-
cially. I am not a young man. I cannot
hide it from myself, even if I would—I am
no longer young. Perhaps I have an appear-
ance of age, a gravity, beyond my actual
years. I entreat you not to forget that point—
It is a point that we must fully grasp—and
I wish to impress it on your mind that I have
thoroughly weighed this, and thrown every
possible argument into the scale that opposes
me. This is but just."

"I think enough has been said on that
part the subject," Miss Simms interrupted
me. "You lay too much stress on this point
and must be laboring, I think, under some
strange misconception. After all, what does
age matter—a few months more or less. It
is the heart, my dear sir, the heart; the sym-
pathy of affections, the reciprocity of ideas, the
consensuality of sentiments—"

"It is like you to say so," I exclaimed. "I
appreciate your kindness. We are old friends,
Miss Simms—"

"Friends of long standing," Miss Simms
agreed, correctly.

"Friends of long standing. I knew that
you would understand me. I felt that you
were the best person, the only person, to
whom I could first break this delicate sub-
ject. I knew that you would meet me half-
way."

"Oh! do not say that," sighed Lotty's
aunt.

"You have seen the truth for some time,"
I went on. "In your eyes, in your smiles, I
have read that you had discovered my secret.
Woman's insight, the sympathy of a gentle
nature—who can disguise such secrets from
these? And now, be frank with me. I come
to you in my perplexity. Do not pretend to
misunderstand me. My tongue is timid.
Help me—advise me!"

"Maidenly propriety!" she said, in a low
tone.

"Exactly so. Your good sense and instinc-
tive feeling of what is right prompts these
words. I anticipated this. But, my dear
Miss Simms, I do not wish to make you a
conspirator with me. There shall be no se-
crets. I ask you to confess none to me. All
I ask is that, as a friend, you will tell me
whether there is any chance for me. You are
everybody's friend—do not deprive me
alone of your help."

"Really, I do not know what to say,"
Miss Simms whispered, in a voice greatly
agitated.

I had all along persevered in my music-
copying. I knew that I was making the
most astounding blunders, but that was of
little consequence. If I left off this accom-
plishment I felt that my voice would break
down, too.

"My dear Miss Simms," I went on, "I
know that your present hesitation proceeds
from the best of motives. Do not think I am
flattering you, when I say that to your in-
fluence I attribute much of the exquisite
purity of your charming niece."

This was not quite true, but I saw that a
compliment would be well-timed.

"She is a good child," said Miss Simms.

"I see," I continued, "in your present
hesitation, precisely that delicacy of decorum
which has guarded so constantly the opening
leaves of that sweet flower. Ah! what a de-
lightful occupation! To a heart so sensitive
as yours, what a labor of love! To watch
the birth of new beauties and virtues from
day to day—to tend, to foster—to—to—in-
short—to find, as it were, your own sensibili-
ties reproduced and springing up like—like
objective personifications under your incu-
cative care." I was pleased with the sentence,
and paused in order that the words might
take due effect upon her.

"I, too," I went on, "have not been blind
to this gradual change, to those unfolding
beauties. We are old friends, we have known
each other many years. You can forgive—
say, you will sympathize with the warmth of
my expressions. This gradual growth of
love—what a mystery it is! He never loved
that loved not at first sight; says the poet.
What a libel upon human nature, worthy of
the gross lips that uttered it! True love is
always gradual. The first indifference bur-
geshes into liking, flowers into friendship,
fruits into love. We know not where indif-
ference ends and love begins. Ah! my dear
Miss Simms, &c., &c., &c."

This sort of thing may be continued ad
libitum through as many pages as my reader
pleases. In the heat of my oratory I flung
aside my pen, and strode to the fireplace by
which Miss Simms was sitting. My oratory
must have been moving. Miss Simms was in
tears when I next came to a pause.

She lifted her tearful eyes for a moment to
mine, as I stood upon the hearth-rug close by
her side.

"Oh spare me!" she said. "This tumult
of feelings—so painful, and yet so delicious!
I am but a weak, girlish thing" (she giggled
hysterically). "Leave me alone, now. Some
other time—some other time. I have been
expecting this. I knew it must come."

"You had discovered my secret, then," I
said. "I knew you had. Long ago, Miss
Simms, long ago—did you not?"

"I could not be blind," she said. "Maiden
modesty is very innocent; but could I help
seeing?"

"Ah!" I exclaimed. "And there is hope
for me?"

"What can I say? Do not press me."

"I entreat you. Say at least there is not
despair."

"No, do not despair," she said. "I do not
wish that."

We were silent for a minute or so. Miss
Simms spoke first.

"You will speak to my brother?" she said,
covering her face with her hand.

"Certainly. That is my intention, if you
tell me I may do so. Do you think I may?"

Miss Simms looked at me between the
fingers of the hand that covered her face.

"Yes," she said. "I think you may."

I deliberated.

"My dear Miss Simms," I said. "I can
never sufficiently repay the kindness—the
sympathy, the great sympathy—you have
shown to me to-day. I am going to take ad-
vantage of this sympathy—"

"Sir!" cried Miss Simms.

"Yes; gratitude consists mostly in taking
advantage of the people who are kind to you.
I am going to ask a still greater favor of you.
Will you hint this matter to your brother?
Will you hint my feelings to Lotty?"

"I see no occasion for that! Why to
Lotty?"

"Well; I respect your prudence. No doubt
you are right. To your brother, then?"

"Had not you better do that. It is so very
awkward."

"My dear Miss Simms, oblige me in this.
I shall be eternally indebted to you."

Miss Simms gave me her angular white
hand. She looked up into my face with an
expression of most intense sympathy. "I
will do anything you tell me, Henry," she
said—"May I call you Henry?"

"I consider it a most tender mark of your
sympathy," I replied. I really thought her
calling me by my Christian name, which she
had never done before, a touching proof of
her kind friendship.

"And now," I said, "I had better go. I
am not inclined to see any one in the present
state of my feelings. When I next see you,
Miss Simms, I hope to be received in this
house on another—a closer and more inti-
mate footing. I think we fully understand
each other!"

"Oh, yes!"

"Adieu! God bless you!"

My readers, I have no doubt, see clearly
the fix I had got myself into. Will they be-
lieve me when I say that I had no notion of
it myself! A pre-occupied man assimilates
every word that is spoken to the subject of
his own pre-occupation. When he enters
into tender confidences, he speaks in am-
biguously harmful hints, not in that precise
language wherewith he would draw up his
will. Do you remember the scene between
Belshazzar and Clitandre in "Les Femmes Sa-
vantes?"

Of course she applies the words of Clitan-
dre to herself—what woman would not do
so?

I left the house with a feeling of the great-
est satisfaction. The first move had been
made, and made, I could not but flatter my-
self, with consummate address, and with a
success equal to my highest hopes. This
good, kind aunt of Lotty's, I was deeply
grateful to her, and determined that I would
make her a handsome present on my wed-
ding.

Everything went well.

The next morning I received a letter from
Lotty's papa.

"I can have no objection, if you have
none," he wrote. "I consent gladly to re-
ceive your visits at my house on the footing
you desire. Come and dine with us at six,
and we will talk it over."

Miss Simms, how could I feel sufficiently
grateful to you! Every difficulty was cleared
at once from my path. I saw now how fool-
ish had been my self-depreciatory doubts on
the subject of age. My budding obesity no
longer gave me a pang. Did Ophelia find
Hamlet the less attractive for his fatness?

And Lotty—what did Lotty think of all
this? How would she meet me under these
new relations? I painted for myself the
most delightful picture. The sweet bashful-
ness, the maiden coyness, the blushes of the
charming face, the beatings of the pure little
heart, the downcast eyes, the trembling lips.
Ah, me!—away with such remembrances!

I confess I was slightly nervous as I
knocked at the Simmses' door. There was
a smile on the funkey's face and an alac-
rity in his manner as he let me in. I saw he
knew all about it. What can we hide from
these omniscient funkeys?

Miss Simms happened to be upon the stairs.
"How can I thank you?" I said, grasping
her hand with the warmth of friendship. The
funkey had disappeared.

"Oh, Henry!" Miss Simms gasped.

Her feelings were too much for her. What
a good heart this woman had to be so moved
by the happiness of others. She clung to my
hand, to my arm, to my shoulder, for sup-
port. She raised her eyes to mine, her face
to mine—her lips, by Jove, I thought for a
moment the good creature was going to kiss
me. Her attitude was the very attitude of
Helena lifting beseeching lips to Bertram.

"What would you have?" quoth he. She
answers:

Something, and scarce so much: nothing, in-
deed.

I would not tell you what I would, my lord—
Alth, yes!

Strangers and foes do sander, and not kiss.

But I did gently smother myself from the
weight of Miss Simms without any oscula-
tion.

"And how is—is she?" I said. "She is
not unfavorable, I hope, towards my suit?"

"She is only too much blessed!" Miss
Simms replied, with a smile, in which arch-
ness blended with sympathy. "Can you
doubt it for a moment?"

At last I managed to reach the drawing-
room door. Miss Simms would have me
enter without her, for what reason I could

not understand, but she professed to be too
bashful, and said:

"It would look so odd for me to enter to-
gether."

I was certainly very nervous. It cannot
be expected that I should now relate accu-
rately all that was said to me, and all that I
said in return, when at the time itself I had
no very clear notion of that same.

I stammered some sort of vague thanks
and gratitude to Lotty's papa; and he said
something about congratulating me in return,
and then by mutual consent we suffered the
conversation to turn on indifferent subjects.
Lotty's mamma helped me out of the diffi-
culties of conversation, as only a woman's
fluent tongue can.

Lotty was not in the room.

Soon Miss Simms entered; and afterwards
Lotty.

The expression of Lotty's face surprised me
—and her manner still more. There was an
angry flush upon her cheeks, a flashing fire
in her eyes, an obstinate frown about her
red lips—very different from the signs I had
expected to read upon that fair face. When
I shook hands with her she just gave me the
tips of her fingers for the fraction of a mo-
ment, and pulled them away with a jerk.

"I hope, Lotty," I whispered, "that you
have no objection to receive me in the new
character which I take upon me here for the
first time?"

"No!" Lotty said. "Why, oh earth, should
I have any objection? I wish you joy, I'm
sure."

Lotty carried her little nose high in the air,
she tossed her head, she gave utterance to a
short, sharp laugh, and looked very much as
if she were going to cry. Her manner was
most perplexing. Who can interpret the
signs of a woman's face, or predicate the
way in which she will act under any given
circumstances?

"Henry," said a mild, purring, sugary
voice; "Mr. Jones, I mean—I beg your
pardon."

I crossed over to Miss Simms. She mo-
tioned to me to take the chair beside her. I
sat down. Lotty remained at the window.
Her papa and mamma entered into private
and engrossing conversation. Miss Simms
and I were, to all intents and purposes, alone
together.

Dinner was announced.

Even while I was looking round for Lotty,
Miss Simms had seized my arm.

I went down the stairs in a hideous dream
—that clinging, angular hand was a special
nightmare upon me.

My place at the dinner-table was changed.
From the time when Lotty used to appear at
dinner-time in a clean white frock and blue
sash, her place had always been by me. Now,
I and Miss Simms were placed together on
one side of the table, and Lotty alone on the
other side.

I was perplexed and miserable. Some
shadow of the truth—not as yet the terrible
truth itself—began to fall upon me.

How I got through that dinner I cannot
tell. The chief remembrance I have of it, is
of the expression of Lotty's face. It was pre-
cisely the same look that I had seen on it
half-a-dozen years before, when a new doll
which I had presented to Lotty had been
taken away from her in punishment of some
childish peccadillo.

I remember that we had champagne, as
upon some gala occasion. Lotty's papa drank
Miss Simms's health and my health together
in a humorous manner.

I was in a ghastly dream. Whether I knew
the truth or did not know it I cannot tell.
The dinner was over at length—the wine was
put on. The ladies drank their one glass and
left us.

As I opened the door for them Miss Simms
whispered: "Do not be long."

We filled our glasses with claret.

"My dear fellow," said my host, "this little
affair has given me the most entire satisfac-
tion. I had not a suspicion of it. My sister
Sarah, though I say it, who should not, is a
most estimable person, a capital housewife,
good-tempered, and you and she have always
got on very well together in your tastes for
poetry and so forth. Ages not unsuitable.
You are no longer a chicken, my dear fel-
low, and if she has a year or two the advan-
tage of you, why that is your affair not mine.
That is a matter of taste. Of course you
know that her little property amounts to a
mere nothing. She has lived with us now
for a number of years, and, upon my soul, I
shall be sorry to lose her. But we must not
be selfish in this world. Yes, I am convinced
that Sarah will make you an excellent wife."

"Sir!" I gasped, "there is some terrible and
fatal mistake!"

"Mistake, sir?" cried my host fiercely;
"what do you mean?"

"Your sister is a very respectable person,"
I stammered; "but I never had the remotest
idea of—"

"Of what, sir?"

"The remotest idea of asking her to be my
wife."

"Jones!" he said, solemnly, "I always
took you to be a man of honor. The feel-
ings and affections of a woman are not to be
played with in this atrocious manner!"

Everything swam before my eyes, the
room turned round—the world was revolving
itself again into chaos—the final collapse of
all things was at hand.

Like Shylock, flung from the height of my

WRITTEN IN SAND.

By the Author of the "Moral of Mayfair."

I.
The thymy western wind swept warm
Down all the slopes of the silent shore;
The light was fading fast; and my arm
Held the woman whom I adore.

II.
She has a stately Juno-face
Who has promised to stoop to be my wife;
A calm, unfailing voice, and the grace
That comes with knowledge of life.

III.
And as she look'd on the dark'ning sea,
And as I look'd in her eyes divine,
"You may write on the sand," she said to me,
"The name that will soon be mine."

IV.
The night was warm, and the honey-breath
Of her rich red lips was on my cheek;
But across me there swoon'd the coldness of
death,
And my tongue refused to speak.

V.
For full on my heart, with a sudden rush,
There fell the waves of a distant shore;
And before me there rose the delicate blush
Of a cheek that shall blush no more.

VI.
And all the wealth of my present bliss,
The stately Juno-face at my side,
The half-caress, half-careless kiss,
Of her who shall be my bride,—

VII.
Pass'd into darkness—and we stood,
My love and I, by the little bay,
Shelter'd over with her-wood,
In the dying April day.

VIII.
And as I read her eyes' soft shame,
And as I held her trembling hand,
Slowly I wrote again a name
That was never writ, save in sand!

IX.
"Ah, not for me!" said a childish voice;
"That hope is all too high for me.
I am not worthy to be your choice:
Blot it away, oh, sea!"

X.
And, as the tide rose high, a wave,
Sudden and cold, swept the sweet name over;
And then I remember'd a far-off grave,
And that I had forgot to love her.

XI.
But still, wherever we walk'd that night,
My bride and I, through the twilight gray,
Written in letters distinct and white,
Two words before me lay.

XII.
And not for thrice her father's land,
And not for thrice the charms of my bride,
Could I have written a name I'd stand,
Save the name of her who died.

AMERICAN PRACTICE.

FROM CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL.

"There's a chance for you, doctor!" said
Captain Acland very good-naturedly.

The words were spoken on the poop of the
Fair Inogen, of and from Liverpool, in the
harbor of Alameda Sound, Georgia, U. S.,
on a sweltering summer's day. We were
standing together beside the wheel, we three,
as great a contrast to one another in appear-
ance and manner as is often presented by
any trio living. There was the captain, short,
bluff, and broad, the very model of a British
seaman, with his brick-red cheek, and the
frank but keen blue eye, that had seen its
way through so much of dirty weather and
awkward work. There was Mr. Millett, the
rich landowner, who wanted my services, a
tall, thin, disguised personage enough, with a
handsome and intellectual set of features,
rather too finely cut, perhaps, and marred by
an irresolute expression about the mouth.
There was myself, a young doctor, very poor,
and very shabby, but blessed with excellent
health and spirits, and a robust constitution.
Two words will explain how I came to be
surgeon of the *Fair Inogen*, and why it was
so good-natured of her commander to speak
as he did with reference to Mr. Millett's pro-
position. I had a real taste for my profes-
sion, and had passed my examinations with
tolerable credit, but, in an evil hour, I was
coaxed into investing what little money I
possessed, all that my poor father could leave
me, in the purchase of an "eligible practice."

The practice was guaranteed, on the solemn
assurance of a most venerable and plausible
member of our healing art to be worth five
hundred a year. It may have been thus pro-
fitable to himself; since I afterwards under-
stood that he had traded in it successfully for
four or five years, constantly parting with it
to novices, and buying it back for an old
song, in person or by proxy, when the novices
were disgusted; but the venture ruined me,
and I went out to America, hoping to retrieve
my fortunes. As yet I had not found the
New World an El Dorado, and I had been
thankful when Captain Acland, whose son
had been a schoolfellow of mine in West-
moreland, our native county, had engaged
my services as surgeon of the brig. The *Fair
Inogen* was a vessel of but moderate tonnage,
or she could not have got into the anchorage
of Alameda Sound, and craft of her size
seldom carry a doctor. But she was employ-
ed in very unhealthy climates, chiefly coast-
ing the shores of the Mexican Gulf, and ply-
ing among the West India Islands; and, as
salary was easily arranged in my case, the
captain and I had soon come to an arrange-
ment. Still, it was good-natured of Captain
Acland to be ready to release me from my
bargain the moment a brighter prospect
seemed to open before me. I did not say
much—we Englishmen are awkward in such

matters—but my eyes filled as I caught the
old seaman's hand and gave it a grateful
squeeze.

"Tell you what," said the captain; "the
best thing you can do, Mr. Ellis, is to run
down below, and pack your traps, jump into
this gentleman's canoe, and go ashore with
him. It shan't be said that John Acland
stood in any chap's light, least of all a school-
mate of his son's; and so God bless you, lad,
and if ever you want a free passage home to
England, why, the *Fair Inogen* is heartily at
your service."

I went on shore. My "traps," as the kind
old skipper had called them, were not very
weighty: a medicine-chest, two or three
instrument cases, a portmanteau, and hat-
box, made up the sum of my effects; and the
negro boatman grinned rather con-
temptuously as he handed these modest be-
longings in and out of the canoe. But I will
say for Mr. Millett that his bearing was per-
fectly polite, and free from patronage, al-
though I was a mere aspirant, with forty dol-
lars for my entire capital, and he one of the
richest proprietors in his county. "I take on
myself to say, sir, you will not regret of your
decision," said my new client in his grave
sententious way, as the canoe danced over the
little blue waves, and as I waved my straw-
hat in return for the farewell wave of good
Captain Acland's cap: "you will find, sir,
that talent is not unrecognized, nor merit un-
rewarded, in the South—no, sir. And I ven-
ture to affirm, Mr. Ellis, that you will enjoy
the peaceful pleasures of a home at Briary
Bush, and—"

"Hilloo! whoop! Colonel Millett! I've
been riding up the creek-side in hopes I'd
happen in upon you. I want to know if
you'll trade for right-down useful workers.
My overseer says that patch by Hemlock
Knoll is clean wear out, and I'm overexer-
cised!" cried a loud and sonorous voice; and
looking round, I saw that we were close to
the quay, and that a horseman had ridden in
his strong bay mare close to the weed-incrus-
ted steps. He was a tall young man, with
long dark hair, and the air of a provincial
rake; his clothes were of good cut and mat-
erial, and he had lathered boots and a great
deal of jewelry, contrasting oddly with a
palm-leaf hat and a heavy slashing whip of
twisted cowhide.

"You know, Mr. Cook, I leave these mat-
ters to my overseer," said Colonel, or Mr.
Millett in reply, and with a dryness in his
tone which showed anything but pleasure in
the conversation, or affection for the person
addressed. Mr. Cook, whose dark face was
overclouded in a moment, ground out an oath
between his teeth, and struck his mare so as
to make her plunge and rear.

"Hang it, Jeff Millett, you needn't be so
stiff and pokerish with a man," grumbled he
in a half-fierce half-disconsolate tone: "our
fathers were friends, I reckon, though you
never speak to me except in that infernal
keep-your-distance manner you learned in
Europe. If you were in trouble, now, I'd
behave differently to your way of doing it."

By this time we were on the quay, the lug-
gage handed out, the canoe-men paid, and a
cart driven by a negro, as well as two saddle-
horses, led by a mounted mulatto groom, was
approaching. Mr. Millett shook his head re-
proachfully. "Yours is a short memory, Mr.
Cook," said he; "you have appealed to my
old intimacy with your father more than once,
and not in vain, as you know. But I am
afraid no aid that a neighbor can extend will
ever be enough to— However, I have no
right to preach—you are old enough to be
your own monitor. If you like to dine with
us to-morrow—"

"Smart as a snapping turtle! I'm your
man," interrupted Cook, with a more gleeful
air. "I know my way pretty well to Briary
Bush. But I say, Colonel, how's Miss Cary?"

"My daughter is as usual, I thank you,"
said my host very coldly, and as if annoyed
at the familiar mention of his child's name
from those lips. "This sultry season has been
a trying one to all invalids. Does your mother
bear it well?"

Mr. Cook rejoined with amiable frankness,
that "he would be scalped if he knew. He
hadn't been over to Darien-town these two
months;" and we parted. This young man
had not inquired who I was, or whether I
were bound or not for Mr. Millett's house,
but he had eyed me over with undisguised
curiosity, not unmixed with scorn; and it
struck me that as he nodded in farewell to
my companion, he bestowed on me a scowl
that indicated anything but approval or sym-
pathy.

We were mounted by this time, Mr. Millett
on his favorite chestnut hack, and I on a
Virginia-bred brown horse; while the colored
groom, who was simply clad in black broad-
cloth, as republican principles demand, jump-
ed upon his pica-dilly pony. It is taken for
granted in America that everybody can ride;
first-rate horsemen, except among the South-
ern land-owners and the prairie settlers, are
rare; but most of those who dwell in the
country can sit a quiet horse. Either the
brown nag from Briary Bush was not a quiet
horse, or he had been chafed by the delay,
for, before I was settled in the saddle he be-
gan to caper and curvet, and finally to bolt
forward like a cannon-ball ejected from its
deadly tube. "Mr. Ellis, hold him tight, sir!"
pray, sir, do!" cried Mr. Millett in his high
shrill voice. I heard his good advice, but
like some other good advice, it was easier to
give than to take. For a hundred yards or so,
I could as easily have checked a railway
train as have curbed the rush of the fiery
brute. Then, to be sure, I got him in hand,
mastered him somehow, and rode back re-
joicing.

"Very good, Mr. Ellis," said my—what
shall I call him, client? or employer?—"I
congratulate you on getting the better of
brown Rupert, always a fidgety beast with a
strange rider. Thoroughly, you inattentive
cook, this is your fault, for not bringing out
the old gray as I bade you." And the master
shook his gold-headed whip, half angry,
half playfully at the groom.

"Not my fault, sir, me'r, not 'Sybula's

fault at all. Dat stupid black chap, de coach-
man Aaron, he say: 'Ole gray top at home,
take physic; too much gallop last Monday.'
'Sybula take Rupert to fresh Britisher.' So
you see, Mas'r Colonel—"

"There, that will do," said the master; and
we rode on amid the rice-swamps, where the
ripe grain was all but ready for the sickle of
the mower, where the sun blazed on the
pools and runlets of water, making them
shine like burnished silver, and where the
leaves of the palmettos drooped, hot and
dusty, in the still air. Rice, rice, rice, nothing
but rice, until we turned away from the
river, away from the lagoons, where the
weeds grew rank, and the alligators lay like
slimy brown logs, and attracted as little no-
tice, and rode up a well-kept way which
skirted a little creek of clear and deep water.
The banks were thickly fringed with bushes
and wild sugar-cane, and great gaudy flowers
peeped out from among the yellowing shrubs.
Presently we came to a spot where the
hedgerow trees had been "blazed" with an
axe, and the raw wood smeared over with
blue paint; and my companion turned to me
with a grave gentle smile, and bade me
"Welcome to Briary Bush estate." A fine
estate it was, not running to ruin, weedy and
exhausted, and gradually encroached upon by
the brushwood and scrub, as so often
happens in that semi-tropical climate, but
beautifully cultivated, and teeming with sug-
ar, indigo, and tobacco.

After a while we came in sight of the house,
a heavy, but very spacious pile, built partly
of wood and partly of white stone, much
stained and decayed by the damp climate.
The mansion, however, was in perfect re-
pair; and with its balconies, its sun-blinds
and shade-trees, and the creepers that were
trained like fragrant draperies over its cool
verandahs, it had an air of comfort and re-
pose. The garden was large, and unusually
well kept.

"Let me introduce you," said Mr. Millett,
as he ushered me into a large and cool apart-
ment, the floor of which was covered with a
delicate kind of white matting: "Mrs. Millett
—my daughter, Miss Caroline—Mr. Alfred
Ellis."

It was some time before my eyes, fresh
from the glare of daylight, could pierce the
gloom of that darkened drawing-room suf-
ficiently to make out the faces and figures of
the two ladies to whom my name had been
mentioned. Then I could distinguish that
Mrs. Millett was a very languid, affected-
looking person, dressed in the style recom-
mended by the *Fillet* of three months ago,
and reclining on a sofa, over which a mos-
quito curtain had been artfully suspended.
The daughter was a pale, delicate girl of
about sixteen, with a regular, almost Grecian
set of features, and was simply attired in plain
white muslin, straining her eyes over a book.
At her I looked with more interest than at
her lady-mother, for it was on her account
that I was to be domiciled for a while at
Briary Bush. Caroline Millett was of a very
frail constitution, even judging by an Ameri-
can standard; and had been an only child,
she could not have been more tenderly
loved or fondly cared for. There were but
two children, indeed, to inherit Mr. Millett's
very handsome property, and he had never
made any secret of his intention to divide the
inheritance equally between Washington, his
only son, and his sister Caroline. This was
enough to attract a swarm of suitors, more or
less actuated by mercenary motives, to Briary
Bush; and as, in the South, marriages take
place almost as early as in the corresponding
latitudes of the Old World, Mr. Millett could
easily have found a dozen eligible husbands
for his heiress. Caroline was young, how-
ever, and her extreme delicacy of health ren-
dered her parents unwilling to part with her.

Her father, in especial, was more and more
anxious about her as she grew up, like a
flower, indeed, but a colorless and drooping
one. It was his idea that the poor girl, often
ailing, and always feeble, would benefit by
the presence of a doctor in the house, and
hence he had resolved on engaging the ex-
clusive services of a resident medical adviser.
There was no lack of doctors in Georgia; but
too many of them were either impudent
quacks, the refuse of northern cities, or whis-
key-drinking ruffians, who had forgotten the
major part of the little lore Philadelphia or
Boston had taught them. Mr. Millett had a
prejudice in favor of European science and
steeliness; and a cure or two which I had
the good fortune to perform while the brig
lay in harbor, and when my skill, such as it
was, was in frequent demand among the set-
tlers on that unhealthy coast, had come to
his ears. The large salary he offered was a
temptation not easily to be resisted. Captain
Acland waived his claims; and thus it was
that I became a member of the Briary
Bush household.

I found Mrs. Millett a selfish fine lady, a
transatlantic copy of the fine ladies she had
probably associated with in Paris and Flo-
rence. She was polite to me, in a chilly way,
but she kept me at an awful distance, never
suffering me to forget that I was the plebeian
young doctor, the leader of a section
among the Upper Ten Thousand. Mrs. Mil-
lett was not heartless, though, after all, for
she respected her husband, loved Caroline,
and idolized her son. This son was away—
at West Point, indeed, where he was qualify-
ing at the military school for a commission
in the army of the United States—but he
was very shortly expected home for a brief
sojourn.

Caroline was a clever, well-dispositioned
girl, with that inordinate love for study which
often belongs to those whose lives are not des-
tined to last long in the world. Her large blue
eyes had an almost startling look of inquiry;
she seldom spoke except to ask a question, and
her taste for reading was such as to surprise
me, who had not been much used to such
patients. In vain did her mother chide, in
vain did Mr. Millett remonstrate in his mild
way; a book, of one kind or another, was
hardly out of Caroline's hand. She was very
pale, slight, and fragile; her hands were as
white as if they had been modelled in alaba-
ster, and very thin and slender too; her cheek

was all but colorless, and there were dark
circles round her fine eyes.
She was fair; she looked almost beautiful,
now and then, as when I had persuaded her
to saddle me a portion of Spencer's *Fairy
Queen*, or when she allowed her spirited pony
to gallop under the arching boughs of the
forest, in one of the rides which she some-
times took with her father and myself. Then,
indeed, a flush of healthy color would glow
in her cheek, and her eyes would shine,
and her drooping form dilate into genial pan-
ache; she was like one transfigured for the
time. I did not commit the folly of falling
in love with my patient. To me, Caroline
Millett was merely something to be studied,
to be saved, to be snatched back from the
jaws of the grave, if human skill and care
could do it. That her frail thread of life was
wearing out day by day, very gradually and
certainly, was undoubted; I could see it,
small as my experience had been in the at-
tention of the youthful of her sex. Mr. Millett
a most affectionate father, could see it too,
and it wrung his heart cruelly at times, as his
eyebrows upon her with a yearning and an
apprehension in it that he vainly strove to
hide. I did what I could, I gave much care
and forethought to the case; and there were
moments when I thought I—or nature and
youth, rather—must prove victorious over the
unnatural progress of the decline. I pre-
scribed remedies from the pharmacopoeia, not
with much reliance that drugs could meet the
exigencies of such a case, but because I felt
it my duty to leave nothing untried. Mean-
while, exercise, regimen, the cheerful society
of persons of her own age, were what I re-
commended for Caroline, and Mr. Millett,
hastened to comply.

The pony was now in continual requisition,
and we rode almost every day. There were
parties given in pursuance of my advice;
Briary Bush opened its doors, again and
again, to the nobles of the county, and then
followed a shoal of invitations in return, so
that the round of gaiety was continuous. In
this I had had a design beyond the ostensible
one of amusing the lonely heiress. Little as
I knew of women, I had conjectured that a
helpless attachment might be at the root of
the mischief. Caroline was very young, cer-
tainly, but sixteen in Georgia is often reckon-
ed as a marriageable age; Miss Millett might
have bestowed her heart on some of whom
her parents did not or would not approve, and
hence her illness. But in vain did I watch
Caroline at every fresh dance or dinner,
beet, as she generally was, by num-
bers of admirers, anxious to win favor
with the well-dowered daughter of Colonel
Millett. Her eye did not brighten or sink
ashamed, her cheek did not blush, as the
young dandies of the state paid her their in-
terested adoration, and she was evidently so
perfectly free from that I was obliged to give
up my hypothesis. But if she distinguished
none by any preference, she had certainly an
aversion to one person, in which I cordially
agreed with her: this person was Mr. Cook,
the young man whom I had seen on first
landing from the brig, and who had dined at
Briary Bush on the following day. His di-
lapidated estate lay within four or five miles
of the thriving lands of my entertainer, whose
next heir-at-law he would be, although but a
distant cousin, should Mr. Millett survive his
two children. Louis Cook had received many
services, and much good advice, from his
kinsman; and he had accepted the former,
and spurned the latter, after the habitual cus-
tom of spendthrifts. He was, unless report
led, more than a spendthrift, a calculating,
unscrupulous gambler and profligate, unfa-
vorably known as the associate of the worst
scamps in Savannah and New Orleans. He
was now all but ruined, his land exhausted
by careless and reckless culture, his best
slaves sold away, and his house dropping
piecemeal to decay.

The chief hope of Louis Cook was now to
marry the rich heiress of his remote cousin,
or at least such had been his chief hope till
very lately. But the undignified dislike
which Caroline manifested for his person and
conversation, had gradually convinced him
that his suit would be useless. It was not
without some difficulty that this conviction
forced itself on the dull, coarse mind of the
young man, buckled as it was by self-con-
ceit, but at last he felt it, and it stung him.
It was at a party at a neighboring mansion,
where Caroline had declined to dance, that
she might be free from a half-started en-
gagement to wait with him, that I first saw
Cook reddened and scowled, and marked the evil
look he cast towards her as he turned on his
heel. After that, I more than once noted his
eye bent upon the unconscious girl, with a
stealthy malignity in it that there was no
mistaking. But to Mr. and Mrs. Millett he
was always civil and deferential, he subdued
the outer signs of his bad nature, that his
wealthy relative might regard him with ap-
proval, and affected extreme gratitude for
the obligations under which my host had
laid him. The cause of my own dislike to
Cook was an innate, instinctive antipathy.
He was flippant and overbearing in his man-
ner towards myself, but so were several of
the more rough and dissolute planters, proud
of their pedigree and their possessions. It
was not on this account that I felt repelled
from Louis Cook, or that I distrusted him,
nor could I have given a satisfactory reason
for the impression he produced upon me.
When I had been two months at Briary
Bush, the young heir and hope of the house,
Washington Millett, came home. He had
been expected before, but something had de-
layed the granting of his leave of absence,
and now he had passed his final examination
at West Point, and had returned to the pa-
rental roof to await his commission. This
would no doubt be assigned to him in a short
time, and would most probably be in the
scientific arm of the service, since all agreed
that Washington Millett was a most promi-
sing cadet, and a credit to West Point. He
was a fine gentlemanly lad, very like his sis-
ter in features, but much more vigorous and
full of healthy life. Still, he was of a slight
make and nervous temperament, and I won-

dered that he had not suffered more than he
had done from the lengthened and severe
studies which he had gone through. It was
on the evening of the day which preceded
the young heir's return home, that a some-
what singular circumstance occurred.

I had been taking a stroll through the
twilight forest, alone, partly for the sake of
collecting moths and other nocturnal insects,
which leave their haunts as the shades of
night fall upon the woodlands of that
southern latitude, when I missed my way.
Although not much given to musing, and my
mind was far away among the green English
meadows and leafy English orchards. Sud-
denly I stopped and started, as the melan-
choly cry of the "Willie-come-go bird"
sounded plaintively from a live oak on my
right hand. I looked round me, and saw
that I strayed from the path, and that I was
in a small clearing which I had never before
seen, and where the low mounds that rose
like earthen billows above the soil proclaimed
an Indian burial-place. Several great trees
must have been cut down, and their very
roots burned away by fire, but this was long
ago. The tribe that had laid its dead there
was gone utterly and forever. No hand had
stirred the soil for many a year, and the
grass grew thick and long there. Ringing
this desolate space was a belt of dark cy-
presses and swamp myrtles, with the long,
gray beards of the Spanish moss drooping in
wild luxuriance from every bough. There
were some dense thickets, too, where the
laurel, the hickory, the paw-vine, and the wild
grape-vine grew and interlaced their tough
stems and tendrils, and among the branches
I caught the gleam of a thousand fairy lamps,
those of the fire-fly and fire-beetle. A more
dreary spot I never saw; and yet there were
people there, talking together in stealthy,
cautious tones.

"Hist!" said a voice that jarred unpleas-
antly on my ear—"hist! didn't you hear
something?"

"No," answered a second voice, in harsh
but impressive accents, which might have
been those of either a woman or a man, but
which, once heard, were not easily forgotten.
"No; massa fancy him hear. Massa hear
him own heart beat, p'raps. Ole Zanna hear
nothing, but then Zanna not 'fraild."

"Curse you, you old ebony-colored hag,
do you dare to say I am afraid, then?" was
the fierce rejoinder, spoken in loud, incan-
dent tones, and I heard the speaker stamp
his heavy foot upon the rotten twigs that lay
beneath his tread. The old woman laughed,
not with any pleasant merriment, but with a
shrill, witch-like cackling, that sounded
weird and awful in that lonely place.

"Ha! ha!" she said in a slow, chuckling
tone, "do fine bukra gentleman must not
be angry with poor ole black woman. Zanna
lart to think Massa Louis fancy some one
here after dark—here, where de slaves sooner
cut off 'um hand, and put stump in de fire,than dare to come—here, where de red war-
rior keep guard over um grave—here, where
fetiche live in Old hut, and black man tremble
when he think of Burnt Clearing."

"Well, well, aunt; may be you're right;
and the place is lonesome-enough," returned
the male speaker, with a slight shudder;
"but so much the better for talk like ours.
After all, aunt, you're not the wise woman
you pretend to be, or why could you not
conquer the silly whims of that piling, yel-
low-haired girl? Had she married me, as
the first scheme was, I'd have been content
with half the estate, and taken my chance
that young Washington would have been
polished off by Indians, or fever on the fron-
tiers, to get the rest."

"Zanna can do much, not all," answered
the old negroess, for although I could catch
no glimpse of the speakers, sheltered as they
were by the huge bole of a hoary cypress
tree, I could have no doubt of the age and
color of the latter—"Zanna try. Spirit fight,
and Zanna lose. Young missis hate you, for
all you such fine, handsome gentleman, Massa
Louis. So best let her die out of way."

I felt my blood run cold. Eavesdropping
is not to my taste, but now I would have
given the world to hear more; this, however,
was not to be. The pair of conspirators, for
such they evidently were, moved away from
under the cypress, and walked slowly through
the thickets, till the sound of their voices died
away in indistinct murmuring. My brain
was in a whirl. That some dastardly and
wicked plot, menacing the life of my patient,
Caroline Millett, if not of her brother also,
was in progress, I could not doubt. I had
recognized the voice of Mr. Cook, albeit it
had a new and strange intensity of tone, due
to excitement, and besides, the negroess had
twice called him "Massa Louis." The reason
which should make Louis Cook a ruined
and unscrupulous profligate, desirous of the
death of those who stood between himself
and the inheritance of Briary Bush estate,
were plain enough. But I hesitated to be-
lieve that this man, reckless as he was, could
be a villain of a sufficiently black dye to com-
pass the destruction of two unoffending
young persons, in the very bloom of life and
promise, for mere lucre. Rather than believe
Cook guilty of such atrocious perfidy as this,
I began to question whether my senses had
not been at fault, or whether my fancy had not
quickerened my hearing. As I stood musing
thus, a quick step was heard approaching,
and a tall man sprang out from under the
shade of the forest, and crossed the clearing.
The broad southern moon was now risen in
the cloudless heavens, and under the shadow
of the wide-leaved Panama hat he wore, I
recognized the dark, striking lineaments of
Cook. He was muttering to himself as he
hurried on. He could not see me, standing
as I did at the foot of the mighty ever-green
oak, whose boughs made a canopy overhead;
and as he passed, I saw him clench his fist,
and heard him growl forth: "Ay, old bel-
dam, trust in me, when I am the heir of Briary
Bush—trust in me to reward you as you
deserve, if there's virtue in a Colt's rifle and
a round bit of lead. You know too much,
old witch."

In a moment he was gone, but I heard the
dead branches on the ground crack under his
tread. It was curious, when I entered the
light drawing-room of the mansion an hour
later, to find Cook there, talking glibly to
Mrs. Millett, while Caroline sat at the piano,
playing a sad, sweet little air that was a great
favorite of hers. I thought that Cook was ill
at ease; his conversation was voluble, but he
evidently forced himself to talk and laugh;
and he gave me a keen, suspicious glance
when I said, in answer to Mr. Millett's inquiry
that I had been walking, and had lost my
way. I suppose I kept my countenance well,
for it was with a sigh of relief that he turned
away to converse with the master of the
house. The next day I slipped out soon after
breakfast, and made my way into the woods,
of no great extent, but gloomy and intricate,
which belted in the cultivated fields of the
plantation. With some trouble I found the
spot which the old negroess had called "Burnt
Clearing." Yes, there it was, with its open
space, its grassy mounds, and the heavy cy-
press grove beyond. In this grove, on a
rising knoll which commanded a view of the
clearing, I found a small hut, roofed with
bark, and of the most neglected appearance.
There was nothing about the look of this
wretched dwelling to indicate that it was
anything more than the occasional abode of
a wood-cutter, now shut up and dismantled;
but I remembered the words of the old ne-
groess, and I could not help connecting this
building with the plot of whose fell purport
I had now an inkling. I tried the door; it
opened freely. For a moment I stood on the
threshold irresolute, for I beheld looming
through the darkness of an inner recess
something like a human form. I was on the
point of addressing the supposed occupant of
the shanty, when my eyes, now more accus-
tomed to the dim light, perceived that it was
a mere effigy on which I looked. I removed
a sheet of bark, which served as a shutter to
the unglazed window, and beheld a sight
which transported me, in fancy, to the man-
grove swamps and savage kingdoms of the
Guinea coast.

Seated on a kind of throne carved out of
the roots of some gnarled old tree was a
ghastly figure of man's stature, artfully com-
pounded of feathers, bones, scraps of colored
rag, and all those quaint fragments which
go to make up a "fetiche" among the rudest
idolaters of the coast. The grisly idol's head
was represented by a human skull, smeared
with fresh blood, that had not yet had time
to become wholly dry—blood that, however,
was no doubt derived from some newly killed
fowl that lay, like a sacrifice, in front of the
seat. Around the idol's neck were strips of
red cloth, peacock's feathers, brass buttons,
beads, shells, and several barbaric ornaments
of brass or pewter, probably brought from
Africa on the limbs of long since imported
blacks. It was an ugly, absurd thing, and I
eyed it with disgust. There rushed upon my
mind all the strange stories I had heard of
heathen rites carried on in secluded spots
among the plantations of the South. I had
been assured that many negroes cherished a
superstitious belief in the old pagan worship
of the ancestral continent, that wherever an
Old man or woman existed, the credulous
people were the dupes of the pretended witch
or conjurer, and that blacks who were zealous
church-goers would steal out under cover
of night to be present at hideous ceremonies
performed by some crafty barbarian from
Africa.

Such an Old woman I naturally concluded
this Zanna, the confederate of Louis Cook, to
be. My only wonder was that I had never
heard of her before. I had often gone with
the master or the overseer among the quar-
ters of the field hands; I had seen and spoken
with most of the numerous domestics em-
ployed about the house, but I could remem-
ber nobody who answered to the description
which my fancy painted of the unseen ac-
complice of Mr. Millett's kinsman. How-
ever, I now resolved to pursue my investiga-
tion of the contents of the hut. I found several
skulls, some of oxen, others of human
beings, both children and adults. There were
the dried bodies of snakes, toads, and a great
quantity of herbs, with some pipkins and
pitchers, some bottles, and a great caldron.
Most of the bottles were empty, but others
contained liquids, some thick and muddy,
others clear and colorless. I shuddered as I
looked at them, remembering as I did the
titles of murders done by poison on the coast
of Africa, where the life of no one was safe
who had an enemy rich enough to bribe the
fetiche-man of the village. Perhaps these de-
coctions, made from plants that I knew not,
had the power of poisoning death into the in-
fernal blood of those who tasted, and Caroline
and her brother were to be cut off thus. And
yet, now I argued, could the Old woman
contrive to drug the food of those who dwelt
in a secure mansion, full of servants, and
where the stealthy intruder could not hope to
escape detection? Surely puzzled, and half
inclined to consider my vision of the
night before as a disordered dream, I went
slowly back to the house. Young Washing-
ton Millett had just arrived, and I withdrew,
not to intrude on the glad meeting between
those so near and dear to each other, after
long absence. Presently I returned, and
made the acquaintance of the young heir,
whose frank and genial bearing pleased me
much. I could hardly believe that one so
happy and gay of mood could really have
been marked for destruction by a concealed
and cowardly foe.

My proper course in the matter was a prob-
lem. I could hardly go to Mr. Millett with a
tale so extraordinary and improbable; I
could hardly accuse his relative, the man who
constantly sat at his table and grasped his
hand in friendship, of such black villainy, on
the strength of a conversation overheard in a
wood between Cook and an unseen person;
Mr. Millett was almost sure to class my re-
velation as either a dream or a wicked and ma-
licious invention. And yet, could I stand by
and be a passive spectator of mischief so de-
liberate and cruel? From this reverie I was
awakened by a great noise of laughing, cry-

ing, and shouting, which came from the
direction of the clearing. I went out to see
what it was, and found a group of young
men, some of whom I recognized as being
of the county, and some as being of the
plantation, gathered round a large tree, and
laughing and shouting at something which
they were looking at. I went up to them,
and found that they were looking at a large
snake, which had been killed by one of the
young men, and was now lying on the ground.
The snake was a large one, and had a
very ugly head, and was coiled round a

ing, and ventilation. The household, which almost wholly consisted of negro men and women born and bred under Mr. Millett's roof, had gathered round their young master on his quitting the presence of his parents and sister, and bade fair to tear him to pieces in their eagerness to be recalled to memory.

"Ma's member me—Juba, dat allys carry um gun?" cried one black lad.

"Ma's Washington, you not know me, see? Me little Polly dat you gave de sugar-pudding to before you go north," exclaimed a sable child, now grown out of knowledge.

"Young master not forget old nurse!" said a fat, good-humored creature, fairly bubbling as her former charge greeted her with familiar affection.

"Ma's remember Sophy—de cook! Sophy dat make de puddings and pies, and gimme adep me's likes, and stewed terrapin on board!" cried that important functionary, her sable face glowing with grease and delight.

"I recollect you all. I've often thought of you when I was far away; and I'm right glad to see your honest faces, old and young, my friends," said Washington, very heartily. He was kind to them all, and they all seemed to feel proud and fond of him; and I looked down with amusement and satisfaction from my place at the seat head, when I suddenly heard the young man inquire for "Aunt Anne." It is usual to call all black matrons by this family title, and already had Washington shaken hands with a dozen aunts among the crowd; but when "Aunt Anne" was mentioned, a sort of chill seemed to fall on the hearers.

"Not dead, is she?" asked Washington. "No, I see by your faces she is not. Is she as great a favorite with my sister, Miss Caroline, as ever?"

"Is, Massa Washington," replied the servants; but it was with bated breath and a subdued demeanor. Their eyes no longer rolled in childish glee, their white teeth no longer shone forth in happy smiles; for some reason or other, the name of "Aunt Anne" had made them all as grave as judges. Washington took no notice of this, but nodded gayly, and ran lightly upstairs, and the assembly broke up. I, too, walked away, with fond food for thought. Who was this Aunt Anne, this strange invisible creature, whose name was like a dash of cold water on the exuberant spirits of her merry thoughtless race? I had never heard of her before, and yet it seemed she was a favorite of Caroline's. She could be no ordinary person, to judge by the awe which she evidently inspired among the colored folks; and I thought me that it might be by her agency that Zanna, the Ohi woman, counted on getting access to Caroline's presence for the furtherance of her fatal designs. Resolved to clear this up, I went to the library, where I found Caroline alone, poring over the contents of a box of new books, fresh from Europe. The unexpected girl readily answered my questions. "Who was Aunt Anne?" Oh, the dearest old thing! She belonged once to Mr. Cook, papa's cousin, you know, the father of Mr. Louis, and was sold away at his death. She is a sort of housekeeper at Hivory Bush, wonderfully clever for a negro. All the other servants are afraid of her, and treat her as if she were a princess. She can do surprising cures, when any of the people are bitten by snakes, or catch ague in the swamps."

"Indeed," said I. "Then she is probably much attached to the family?"

Caroline said: "Yes, he was. So fond and thoughtful. But you'd never believe it, Mr. Ellis; when they first brought her from Africa, she was quite wild and dangerous; at least as I have heard, though now she goes to meeting regularly."

"Ah, she is an African-born Mark then," said I, more and more interested. "I have heard that they usually acquire great influence over your creole servants. But there is no slave trade now with the states."

Caroline said that Aunt Anne had been forty years in America. She was quite an old woman. Her two sons had been more bachelors when she was brought from the coast to Savannah, save one, and she had not been separated from them—more lucky than many poor creatures. I asked if they were on the estate. "No," said Caroline sadly, "they both turned out very badly. They were not good men, though papa was very indulgent to them. They were forgiven again and again, until they were obliged to be punished. Then one of them ran away, and lived wild in the woods, and was hunted with dogs and shot. Oh, fear, it was a shock, but they said he set such a bad example to the field hands."

"And the other?" persisted I.

The other, Caroline said, had committed many crimes, and had been at last "sold" to a Louisiana planter, and was carried away in chains. "We pined poor Aunt Anne," but she never said a word, poor thing. She is a very remarkable woman."

"So I should think," said I, "I should like very much to see her."

Caroline laughed, and said she would introduce me some day. "She could not, of course, give my presence for covering the interview I sought with the clever housekeeper. But next morning at the breakfast table, I found Mr. Millett, and Caroline, and Washington and his father and sister. I soon learned the cause: Caroline was very ill, and unable to leave her bed. My dear Mr. Ellis, how pale you look!" exclaimed my exclamation, as this and an anxious moment blanched my cheek. Mr. Millett gazed with a ghastly fear had come upon me, as I thought of the conversation I had overheard. I was presently called to the bedside of my patient. She was very pale and weak, and her eyes were dim and sunken, but she was not, as far as I could see, in any immediate danger. The symptoms were those of low fever. Her maid, a comely brown lass, was sitting in the dressing-room, but the most prominent figure in the room was Aunt Anne, a little withered negro, with snow-white hair, the

wrinkled face of a baboon, and eyes as bright and lively as glow-worms in the dark; she was bustling actively, yet noiselessly, to and fro among physic bottles and cordials, here adjusting a pillow, there drawing a curtain, evidently an invaluable nurse in any sick-room. Mrs. Millett spoke to her. She answered. Oh, that harsh, strong voice; how ever subdued, it was not to be forgotten—the voice of the she-plotted in the cypress grove, the voice of the Ohi woman, Zanna's voice. Zanna—Aunt Anne—phew! what a doll I was not to have noticed the similarity before. Yes, there could not be a doubt that the cruel witch, the black murderess, was before me, Caroline's trusted attendant, watchful at Caroline's sick-bed as a snake that waits to strike its prey.

I hastily wrote a prescription, and left the room. I am sure that Mrs. Millett, now fairly aroused by a sense of her child's danger, thought me very rude and negligent. My thoughts seemed, in that emergency, to be clearer than was commonly the case. To go to Mr. Millett, with his timorous reticence and weak but elegant nature, I felt to be useless; I therefore went straight to young Washington Millett, and without circumlocution, told him all I knew and all I feared. He was greatly shocked and startled; his sister's peril distressed him deeply, but he showed a good sense and self-command beyond his years. "I have heard of these Ohi wizards before," Mr. Ellis," said he, "though such matters are generally hushed up among the planters. I never expected, I own, to find such treachery under my father's roof. He has been so kind to the blacks; foolishly kind, some think. But that woman's wretched sons were severely dealt with by the Vigilance Committee, who took their chastisement quite out of my father's hands. What do you think she meant by her mysterious allusions to her own efforts to make poor Cary in love with that scoundrel Cook, and the resistance of Cary's spirit?"

"I have heard," answered I dubiously, "that these Ohi people can gain great authority over the wills of others, especially of the young and feeble, by whispering in the ear of their victims during sleep."

Young Millett interrupted me with a stamp and a force exclamation.

"By Heaven, Mr. Ellis," he cried, "I could believe that old hag had been besting my pillow last night. What else could have put into my head—mine—the infernal thought—ah! I say confess it to you, Mr. Ellis—the idea of robbing my father?"

"Of robbing your father?" I began to fear the young man's excitement had affected his brain.

Washington went on, more calmly: "Yes; it must have been her counsel, or that of the Fiend in person. Who else could have murdered in my sleeping car that there were nineteen thousand dollars in the tortoise-shell cabinet in my father's dressing room? Who else could have told me the drawer in which they were locked, and have urged on me, not only to rob, but to conceal the plunder in a spot minutely indicated?"

"Ah," said I, "what spot?"

"A hollow cyprus tree," answered Washington, "close to a desolate opening in the woods called Burnt Clearing. I have not been there since I was a child, nor did I ever notice the tree designated, but I seem now to have its bearings most forcibly impressed upon my memory."

"Burnt Clearing," said I, "why, that is the very place where she says she is built. I have very little doubt that your wild guess is right, and that the wicked old creature has really been trying to coerce you into committing a crime, of which she would well know how to reap the profit. But listen to me: I have a idea that there is one way, and one only, in which we can save the lamb from the jaguar."

Our consultation was long, but before it ended, Washington was quite of my way of thinking, and had entered heart and soul into the plan. We mounted two of the best horses in the stable, and rode rapidly off to the town, where we had a protracted interview with Major Marsh and Dr. Abel Clapham, two leading members of the permanent Vigilance Committee. We talked long; some difficulties were in our way, but when we parted, the doctor said: "Well, gentlemen, it's ugly, but if it can be kept out of the papers, no newspapers, as won't be slack about it. At eleven, sharp!"

"Sharp," said we, and we parted with our new allies.

We rode back as swiftly as possible, and then called out on foot together in a secret expedition. We returned after dark, and found that dinner had long been kept waiting for us, that Mrs. Millett was vexed, and Mr. Millett displeased. But we excused ourselves on the plea of a fiery against the plump rice-birds, the orbiculars of the Southern states, which had led us too far afield. Cook was there, as we expected; indeed, he had been in for a while; had invited himself to dinner, and had been present, with Georgian hospitality, to accept a bed.

At eleven o'clock all members of the household had, ostensibly at least, retired to rest, and all was dark and still. Caroline had been asleep for hours, exhausted and worn out. In her chamber, a feeble light burned, leaving half the room in shadow. The white bed-curtains were closely drawn. A dark figure glided into the room, turning the handle of the door with noiseless care, crossing the floor with the stealthy step of a prowling beast, and reaching the table where stood the lamp, snuffing and adjusting it without causing any sound whatever.

The dim light shone upon the wrinkled face, the snow-white hair, the glowing eyes of old Zanna, the negro—"Aunt Anne," the trusted nurse and housekeeper. The old woman's triumphant smile would have seemed a death, as she drew a small bottle from her bosom, unscrewed one of the phials, and mingled with the medicine it contained a few drops of a colorless fluid. The contents of the phial grew turbid and brown, then slowly resumed the original hue and clear-

ness. The hag shook her fist with a gesture of hate at the bed and its unconscious occupant; she muttered some words, words not to be understood by Christian ears, for they were couched in the savage tongue of her own pagan home, by the distant Niger. Then the more familiar English rose to her lips, and she murmured vaguely of her son, of George, shot in the bush; of Moom, sold into hopeless bondage down South; and she came a step or two nearer to the bed, and showed her teeth, still sound and white, in a sneering laugh of spite and scorn.

"Die!" she said in a hissing whisper—"die, white girl—pretty missy, die! die! As she did so, the curtains of the bed rattled back on their rods, and down open, while a broadsheet glare of light, as if a large quantity of spirits of wine had been suddenly kindled, filled the room. But the old woman did not flee; she stood rooted to the ground, her eyes staring, her hands outstretched, staring with stupefied terror on the bed and on its occupant. Uttering a yell of horror that rang through the house—"The feth! the feth!" she fell groveling, face downwards, on the floor; for there sat the grim idol, its lead composed of the gory skull, the ox-hide wrapping its fantastic limbs—there, in all its tawdry flummery and hideous foulness, was the frightful thing before which cowering negroes, deep in the forest, had laid the offerings demanded by fraud from fear and superstition. But most impostors deceive themselves as well as others. In this case, the punishment was complete. All the household, half dazed, and hearing lights, came hurrying at the sound of that direful scream, breaking from guilty lips, moved by a guilty, tortured conscience. With the rest came Louis Cook; he started back, pale and confused, as he saw the ghastly image, and Washington and myself lifting from the floor the writhing figure of the witch. Just then, a heavy tramp of booted feet was heard, and several of the Vigilance Committee entered, armed to the teeth.

"You are my prisoner, sir," said Major Marsh, putting his hand on Cook's shoulder, and the bully and duellist was taken as meekly as a lamb. The old woman was also secured; but no one had the presence of mind to deprive her of the phial of poison, distilled by herself, which was concealed about her person, and she drank of it, and died in convulsions. Before expiring, she confessed her crimes, and their motive, which was partly revenge, partly a desire to buy the freedom of her younger son. Cook refused to confess. The committee were averse to inflict death on a white man on such scanty evidence; but the wretch was forced to sell his property, and was driven with ignominy from the state. He joined Walker's filibusters, and perished miserably in Nicaragua. Caroline recovered, and is married to a gentleman of Virginia; Washington Millett is one of General ———'s staff, and I am a West-end doctor, not overburdened with practice, and very much at the reader's service.

AN INAPPROPRIATE TRACT.

The following anecdote is related at the hospital in Nashville. A soldier whose legs had been carried away above the knees by a cannon-ball, and who had been long a patient in the hospital, one day, while sitting in bed, asked the nurse: "When will those tract distributors be around again?"

"To-day," said she. "When they come I would like something to read," he added. A colporteur came in the afternoon and made a hasty distribution of tracts, giving one to each bed without stopping to read the titles or to see to the fitness of the selection. The poor fellow who had lost his legs received a little four-page message, and began to read with great eagerness. The nurse, noticing his interest, stole up behind him to see the subject of the tract, when, to her astonishment, she read the following title: "The Evil Effects of Modern Dancing." Repressing her laughter, she said to the man: "That tract is hardly suited to your condition." "Well, madam," he replied, "to tell you the truth, I think my dancing days are about over."

THE NEW CURRENCY.

The manufacture of postage currency have begun to deliver the bills to Assistant Treasurer Cline, in New York, and will continue to deliver them at the rate of \$27,000 worth a day. The bills are about a quarter as large as treasury notes, and are of four denominations, five, ten, twenty-five, and fifty cents respectively.

They are to be issued in sheets of twenty for the five and ten, and sixteens for the twenty-five and fifty-perforated, like postage stamps, so as to be easily separable. All are formed of five and ten cent stamps, the five and ten cent stamps of a single stamp with a large circle on each side containing the Roman numeral V, or X, in geometrical letters. The twenty-five and fifty are made by overlapping five or ten cent stamps.

The groundwork of the five and twenty-five is yellow to prevent photographing, which would be easy with the brown stamp alone. The green of the ten and fifty is not readily susceptible of photographing. Of the daily issue 20,000 bills will be five, 20,000 ten, 20,000 twenty-five, and 20,000 fifty. Mr. Cline will at once forward them to Washington, whence they will be distributed among the Assistant Treasurers, under such regulations as the Treasury Department may prescribe. They will be getting into circulation probably before the end of the week. The 1's and 2's (small notes), like the larger denominations, are "green backs," and all down to the five cent notes, bear the endorsement of the Government upon their backs, of either being legal tenders, or redeemable by Government agents and depositaries. They bear date August 1st, and the engraving is very complicated, and yet very clear and distinct. In addition to the denominational figures upon the back and in the corners, each note contains the figures 1, 2, 3, arranged under each in a circle in the center.

The 2's bear a finely executed likeness of Alexander Hamilton, and the 1's that of Secretary Chase; the former the father of the Treasury. Each note has a number printed upon it in conspicuous red figures, the "two" sent us being numbered 402, it being one of the earliest impressions.

A SMALL TOWN.—A place where there are many tongues to talk and but few hands to think. This is Victor Hugo's definition of a small town.

SOLDIERS CARED FOR.

Out of one thousand soldiers, one hundred and four are sick; this is the constant proportion, as reported by the Sanitary Commission. The autumn always increases the number, by reason of the hot days and cool nights, causing diarrhoea and dysentery, of every shade and degree. One yard and a half of stout woolen flannel, fourteen inches broad, worn from August to November, tightly and constantly around the abdomen, in such a way that it will be double in front, with bits of tape strongly sewed on one end, and about one yard from the other, according to the size of the person, for convenience of tying, would do more toward preventing bowel-complaints among our brave and self-denying soldiers, than all known human means besides. This simple device arrested the onset of cholera, in three days, in one of the largest divisions of the Prussian army, when the terrible scourge last visited Europe. Let every family who has a member in the army, forward such an article on the instant of reading this; if you can do no better, send an old worn petticoat, for by reason of its softness and pliability, it is better than anything else. Let every mother who reads this, and who may have no son or other relative bravely battling for the perpetuity of our glorious Union, send one abdominal bandage, to be given to some worthy soldier who has no mother, no sister, no wife, to exercise these kindly cares for him. And let the generous rich, of whom there are so many among us—the Astors, the Aspinwalls, the Minturns, the Stuart Brothers, and those like them—be assured that it is impossible to spend an equal amount of money as efficiently, in any other way. One man who has been in the army twelve months is worth now two raw recruits; hence one dollar's worth of good woolen flannel for one of them, or even an old petticoat, by keeping such soldier healthy in the field, will be worth more than the fifty dollars bounty paid for the two recruits, under the present exigencies of the case.

Winter is coming; let the sisters and mothers of the soldiers begin to knit two or three pairs of thick, woolen socks, to be forwarded to each son and brother by the first of October; let the toes and heels be double knitted, or sheathed with the blue cloth of some worn-out coat or pantaloons, cautioning the soldier to keep the toe-nails closely trimmed, so as to prevent the cutting of the socks.

Begin at once, and put up in quart tin cans, to be forwarded at intervals, (for if sent in large quantities at a time, they will be wasted or too lavishly used), pickled cucumbers and cabbage. Onions are represented by physiologists to be among the most wholesome and nutritious of all the vegetable products, besides their immediately invigorating and enlivening effects. If a gallon of onions could be sent to each soldier, once a month, in addition to a quart of pickled cucumbers or cabbage, scurvy, already beginning to manifest itself, would be unknown. And if it could be felt how grateful a quart tin can of preserved berries, tomatoes, or fruits, would be to a soldier who does not see such things, preserved or fresh, sometimes for months together, their sisters, and mothers, and cousins, and wives would spare no little pains to prepare a good supply for months to come, and would begin to send them on the instant.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

GENERAL HUNTER'S NEGRO BRIGADE.

Lieutenant Riggs, of the First South Carolina volunteers, in a letter to the New York Tribune, says: "The 'First Regiment South Carolina volunteers' has not been disbanded. Several companies have been detached from the regiment, and sent, with their white officers, to St. Simon's Island, on the coast of Florida; and those remaining in camp at Drayton's, on Hilton Head Island, were last Saturday, by advice of General Hunter, given permission from the Colonel commanding to return for a short time to their plantation homes and to their families. The majority of the soldiers availed themselves of the privilege, but a few of them preferred to remain in camp. The reason for this is satisfactory to General Hunter. The army in the department is in a state of inactivity, and nothing can be done until the hot and fever season is over, and until the forces there have been multiplied. Under the circumstances, therefore, it was deemed advisable to send them home on a furlough, to be called together again when the forces were needed. But I have positive knowledge that General Hunter does not propose to do any such thing—not unless the President should issue a peremptory order to that effect."

Another and apparently reliable account says, that the disbanded was owing to the fact that the War Department refused to grant them rations, in accordance with the present policy of Mr. Lincoln against employing negroes as combatants. They had previously subsisted from the produce of rebel plantations and other means unconnected with direct Government supplies. As these became exhausted, the War Department was applied to. Upon its refusal, company after company was discharged, while the residue subsisted by the fast failing process hitherto adopted. At last a complete disbandment took place.

Gen. Hunter would have been personally liable for any rations furnished to an unauthorized regiment. It seems that the War Department would neither accept nor reject the regiment—bait maintained an absolute and non-committal silence upon the subject. Wherefore the moment Gen. Hunter heard that the President had refused to accept the services of negro regiments at the North, he disbanded his regiment.

THE NEW LEVIES.—The new levies are moving forward with rapidity. Indiana has sent fourteen thousand within the last four days; Ohio is pushing forward hers as quickly as possible. New York is sending them at the rate of one or two regiments a day, by different routes, to Washington, and Pennsylvania, we know, is doing her duty nobly. The troops, as fast as they arrive at Washington, are sent over the river. Many of them go to the support of Pope's army, but how many the Government very properly keeps to itself. The work of recruiting appears to be going on as fast as the Government could wish—faster than it can do the arm the troops in some of the states. The efforts should not relax in the least. The crisis of the rebellion has been reached.

NEWS ITEMS.

It is reported that a camp of instruction for eighty thousand to one hundred thousand Western troops is to be located near Nashville.

THE NORTH CAROLINA ELECTION.—The Richmond Examiner, speaking of the election in North Carolina, claims a victory in the election of Vance over Johnson by 30,000 to 40,000 majority, and says no important principles respecting the settlement of the present war, have been decided, the platform of principles of both parties being identical.

The widow of the late John L. Schock, of Albany—a niece of Secretary Seward—who recently eloped with Dr. Beattie, of Geneva, (a married man) is now living with him in Paris. She took her children with her, and the party are registered at the Paris hotel, where they stop, as "Dr. Beattie and family."

A BROTHER OF MRS. LINCOLN KILLED.—Capt. Alexander A. Todd (a brother of Mrs. Lincoln) was instantly killed in the late battle of Baton Rouge. But the evening before, he wrote to his mother, and just before the accident he was conversing with Lieutenant L. E. Payne, ordnance officer of the brigade, communicating the messages he wished conveyed home in case of his fall.—*Ceres, Greendale (late Memphis) Appeal.*

REPORTER ARRESTED.—Mr. Isham, the Memphis correspondent of the Chicago Times, has been arrested by Gen. Grant, for publishing "false and malicious tendentious" articles. He will be sent to the penitentiary at Alton. It was Mr. Isham who first reported the appearance of ten iron-clad steamers in Mobile harbor, and again reported the confirmation of his first dispatch.

THE PRESIDENT AND GEN. BURNS.—The President is reported as saying:—"I regard Gen. Burns as one of the best men in the army. He gives me no trouble; but, with a larger force or small force, he always knows his duty, and does it."

THE RAPIDAN.—A communication in the N. Y. Journal of Commerce says that the "Rapidan" is known in history, and in the locality through which it runs, as the "Rapid Ann."

The other day, in New Haven, Conn., an Irishman, who had been married eight years, and had three children, thought he deserved exemption, because he could serve his country so much better at home.

A WOMAN NER NEW BEDFORD, CONN., opposed her husband's proposal to enlist. He enlisted, however, and she yielded, sorrowfully. They shortly after took a walk together. For a long time both kept silent on the subject that was nearest the thoughts of each. Finally the wife spoke:—"I suppose you have made up your mind," said she; "but I want you to understand, that if you ever run, I will never live with you again."

GEN. TURCHIN.—The statement that Gen. Turchin had been acquitted on the charges preferred against him is untrue. The court-martial found him guilty and dismissed him from the service.

The last soldier of the retiring army passed the Chickasawhatchy at 3 o'clock on Monday night the 18th. There has been no attack upon the rear, no loss of any kind, and this retrograde movement has been a perfect success.

EXPERIMENTS ARE MAKING IN FRANCE to run railway trains about five times the usual speed, without throwing them off the track or heating the wheels.

LETTERS HAVE BEEN RECEIVED BY THE emigration agent at Washington, from colored men of influence in the North, according to President's plan of colonizing free negroes in Central America.

How to Finish the Canal at Vicksburg.

A communication from John Bannard, Esq. GENTLEMEN:—The rebels are laughing over the failure of our engineers in the cutting of the canal through the bend at Vicksburg; but if our force had continued their labor a little while longer, the rebels would have "laughed the other side of their mouths," for the canal would have opened the channel of the river as intended.

Having seen just such failures before, and supposing our engineers would be balked in just such an undertaking, I, early in the war, when General Fremont was placed in command of the Western Department, and when the rebels commenced fortifying these positions, suggested, in a communication to the General, how nearly all the places fortified by the rebels in the North, according to No. 11, sending him the charts made from my own survey of the river. I particularly described the geological formation of the Mississippi bottoms, and directed how to avoid the very snag (to use a Mississippi phrase) upon which they having the work in charge struck. I afterwards volunteered my services on the corps employed on this work. Gen. Fremont was rejoiced, and, as there was some trouble in his department, I did not enter the service.

Here is the difficulty, and if those having the superintendence of the cutting will profit by my hints, they can have the old Father of Waters running through the canal in a very few days. Let them cut through that *argillaceous stratum* (which I know they came to, although it has not been so stated), until they come to the substratum of sand, and when the river commences to flow through the cut—never mind how narrow it is, so long as it is the sand—the super-stratum of clay will give way or cave in, and in a short time will carry the superincumbent alluvium with it. If this is done, no power on earth can stop the river opening the channel across the bend, as intended. Twice I have seen such undertaking failed by this same cause at the "Horse Shoe Bend" and at "Broken's Bend." The former was cut through by Captain Scrives just as our engineers have done. He encountered this argillaceous stratum when he found it hard digging, and he abandoned the undertaking, supposing the river would wash through at the next rise. But he was deceived, as it was some ten or twelve years, if I remember right, before the river went through the cut he made. It is now the main channel of the river.

This stratum of clay varies in thickness. In some places I have seen it only a foot thick; then, again, in some localities it is not found at all, all being alluvium to the substratum of sand. I should judge the average thickness of the belt be not over four feet. At any rate cut it, and the river goes through. Yours, respectfully,

JOHN BANNARD.

There may be one or two more of smaller dimensions, but these are the most important. The Donkey is the only craft among them not manned and ready for immediate service.

The New Ironclads left this city recently for a trip—somewhere.

Mrs. Partington says one is obliged to walk very circumspectly upon these slippery times.

Upon the ocean iron is king; but whether in the shape of iron plates of armor-plating, that's the question.

Father Taylor, the veteran altar preacher, recently offered the following prayer:—"Oh, Lord, guide our dear President, our Abraham, the friend of God, the old Abraham. Save him from those writhing, intriguing, politic, piecing, slaying, long keel worms; don't let them go through the sheathing of his integrity."

"The banana tree," said Humboldt, "will furnish food for fifty persons upon the same surface which, under wheat, will maintain but two. The potato will maintain three times as many as wheat. The extent of country and varieties of climate which crops will endure are appreciable elements in the estimate of its value."

As there are certain men who become public disturbers in the name of peace, so there are certain men who make more noise upon water than other men upon a wire.

A person boasting of being able to sing alto, tenor, or bass, Tom Cook turned to his friend and said: "Yes, I know you can sing very high, very low, and very middling."

May a Judge who rails from the bench be said to lay down the law?

A further wishing to inform the public that he would make up furs to a fashionable manner, out of old furs which ladies might have at home, appended the following to one of his advertisements:—"N. K. Cooper, furrier, etc., made up for ladies in fashionable style, out of their own skins."

INDIAN OUTBREAK IN MINNESOTA.

A RECORD OF HORRORS.

St. Paul, MINN. Aug. 22.—Reliable information from Fort Ridgely confirms, without a doubt, all the previous reports of the Indian outbreak.

Mr. Wickoff, the Assistant Superintendent, on his way to the Upper Agency, met a messenger six miles from Fort Ridgely, on Monday morning, announcing an outbreak at the Lower Sioux Agency, and the murder of all the whites, with a few exceptions.

Captain Marsh set out immediately with forty-five men. At a ferry opposite the Agency they encountered a large body of warriors, who opened fire on them, and after discharging a few volleys, a large body of Indians, who were lying in ambush in their rear, opened upon them, killing a number of the men.

A retreat was attempted by crossing the river. While they were in the river, the Indians killed the Captain, three Sergeants and four Corporals, and but seventeen of the band returned to the fort.

On Monday night the light from burning buildings and grain stacks was seen in all directions. Citizens who had escaped came into the fort during the night, giving accounts of horrors too terrible for the imagination to conceive. Mothers came in in rags and blood-stained, telling of how their husbands and children had been slaughtered before their eyes, and of the burning of their homes.

The roads in all directions to New Ulm were lined with the bodies of murdered men, women and children.

J. P. Porter, of Markale, a member of the last Minnesota Legislature, arrived here last evening for arms. He was one of the Committee sent to New Ulm to learn the truth of the reported murders.

He arrived at New Ulm on Tuesday morning, and found the people prepared to lose five persons who had been massacred. The bodies of other victims were being constantly found in a most horribly mutilated condition. Four persons were found wounded in a room, having had their heads and arms cut with hatchets. A little girl was cut across the face, breast, and side, and a little boy dreadfully cut up. He saw a child with its head cut off, and twenty-seven other bodies mutilated.

The people of New Ulm are drilling, with what arms they can get, and are fully aware of their danger, and determined to defend the town.

Mr. Ulm left New Ulm on Wednesday, and was overtaken by a man who reported that the Indians, two thousand strong, had attacked New Ulm and burned several buildings. Several citizens were seen to fall. The citizens had gathered together and barricaded the streets.

Letters to Governor Ramsey say that hundreds are known to be killed, and it is believed thousands have suffered the same fate. He yesterday ordered the militia, with horses, to the scene.

OUR IRON-CLAD FLEET.

A summary of the resources of this country in iron-clad vessels, built and building, is as follows:—

2 frigates, afloat.
1 Monitor, afloat.
2 gunboats, afloat (Galena and Naugatuck).
7 gunboats on Western rivers, afloat.
4 gunboats on Western rivers, purchased and mailed.
1 Monitor, building.
1 Monitor, for California, building.
10 gunboats for the protection of Ohio and Indiana.

3 Mississippi gunboats.
1 tremendous ram, to be plated with black iron.
1 gunboat, to be built at the navy yard.
1 gunboat at New York (Thirteenth street).
1 gunboat at Boston.
1 gunboat at Greenpoint.
1 gunboat at Philadelphia.

1 vessel supposed to be building secretly by Mr. Ericsson.
2 new Ericsson vessels. Total, 40.

Of these, one building at Philadelphia, two at New York, one at Greenpoint, and possibly others—are to be ready very soon.

The following is the actual force of our iron fleet afloat at present:—

Vessels. Tons. Officers & Men. Guns.
New Ironclads 2,500 (about) 400 18
Ranoke 3,400 300 8
Naugatuck 70 100 2
Monitor (about) 1,000 100 7
Galena 1,900 100 7
Benton (about) 800 100 18
Carondelet (about) 800 100 18
Cairo 800 100 18
Mound City 800 100 18
Olinchout 800 100 18
A. O. Tyler 800 100 18
Racco 800 100 18
Shutaw 800 100 18

Total 16,370 1,500 106

There may be one or two more of smaller dimensions, but these are the most important. The Donkey is the only craft among them not manned and ready for immediate service.

The New Ironclads left this city recently for a trip—somewhere.

RATES OF ADVERTISING

Payment is required in advance.

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**TOOK AND EXCHANGE
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STOCKS, BONDS, &c., Bought and sold
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for those who seek well qualified teachers ;
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Wanted—Experienced Teachers of
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Circulars, giving details, sent when
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For Wigs, Inches.

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head.

2.—From forehead
over the head to
neck.

3.—From ear to ear
over the top.

4.—From ear to ear

*Tingoes and Don-
Fishes.*

No. 1.—From fore-
back as far
back as the
head.

2.—Over fore-
as far as
quiled.

3.—Over the

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